21 September 1979 35p USA $1 By Air

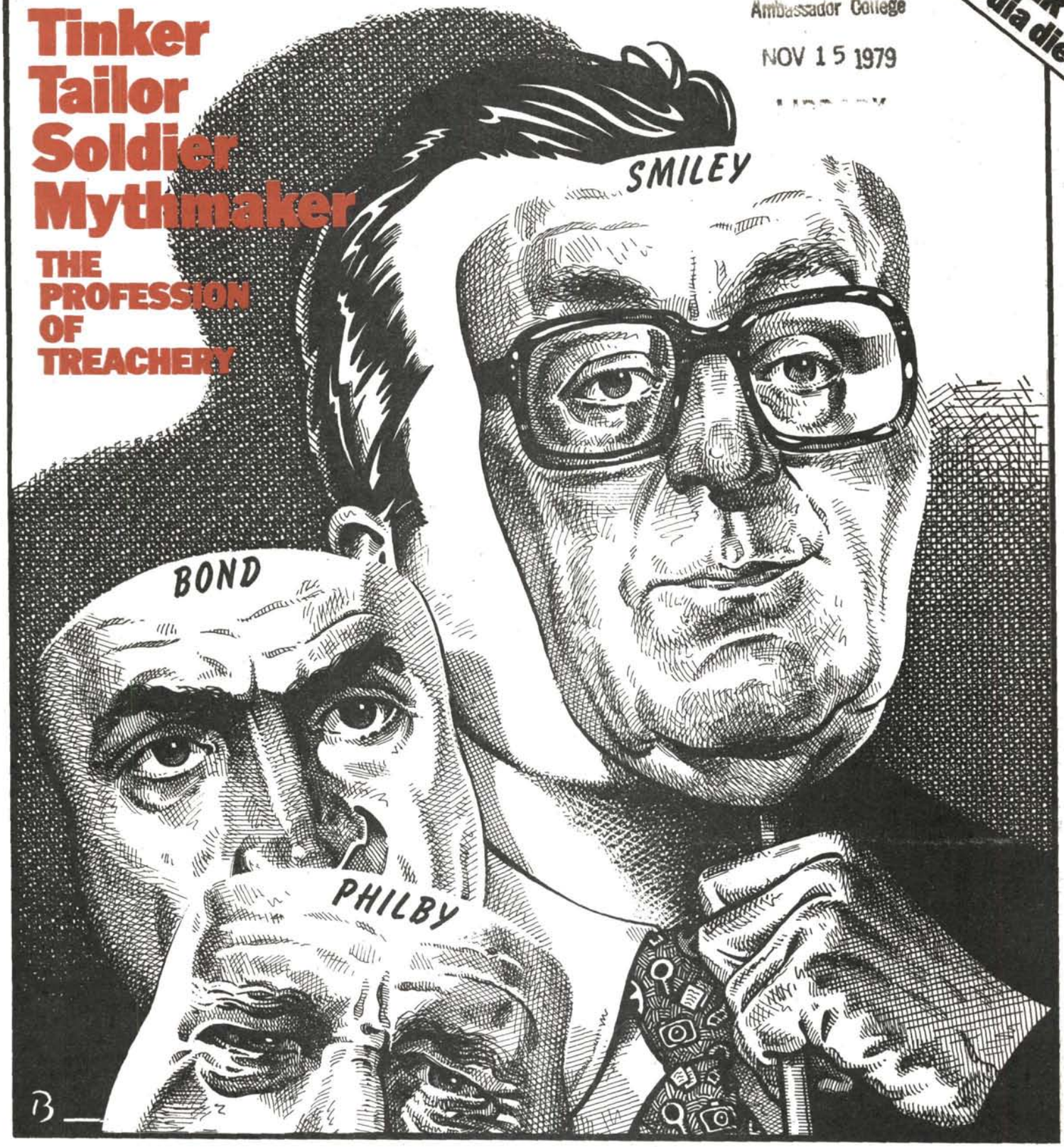
NEW STATESMAN

JOHN PILGER
Must Cambodia die?

Ambassador College
NOV 15 1979

Tinker Tailor Soldier Mythmaker

THE PROFESSION OF TREACHERY



Nyerere on Zimbabwe
Engineering Duffy/Going down with the City/Bye bye, Beeb
Judith Hart: the industrial imperative
L.C. Knights on I.A. Richards
Sheila Rowbotham: feminism and socialism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 98 21 September 1979 No 2531

Contents

403 **Notes**
405 **Shipping trial revelations in Norway:** Duncan Campbell
406 **AUEW in conference conflict:** Donald Macintyre
408 **A new policy from Jordan:** Ian Black
410 **Cambodia: report from a devastated land:** John Pilger
413 **Education: no more meals; suspended headmaster:** Rick Rogers
414 **Philbiana: the growth of a spy industry:** Bruce Page
417 **Angola and Mozambique struggle for independence:** Richard Carver & Brian Slocock
418 ***Oilgate:*** *Martin Bailey*
419 **Cutting the BBC External Services:** Christopher Hitchens
420 **Washington Diary:** Claudia Wright
421 **Letters**
422 **Arthur Marshall & Roger Woddis**

Front cover by Mick Brownfield

Books & Arts
423 **Development Economics:** Judith Hart
424 **I. A. Richards:** L. C. Knights
426 **Architectural Theory:** Dan Cruickshank
427 **The Church and Politics:** Ian Linden
428 **Socialism and Feminism:** Sheila Rowbotham
429 **New Fiction:** Patricia Craig
430 **American Shakespeare:** Gerald Rabkin
431 **The Fourth Channel:** Trevor Preston
432 **Television:** Julian Barnes
432 **Theatre:** Benedict Nightingale
433 **Opera:** Peter Conrad
434 **Ballet:** Bryan Robertson
434 **Weekend Competition**
435 **Chess and Crossword**
Poems by I. A. Richards, John Mole and Vernon Scannell

Editor: Bruce Page
Deputy Editors: Christopher Hird, Anna Coote
Editorial Staff: Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour
Art Editor: Vicky Hutchings
Associate Editor: Godfrey Hodgson
Education Correspondent: Rick Rogers
Literary Editor: David Caute
Deputy Literary Editor: Julian Barnes

General Manager: Peter Jones
Assistant Manager: Marion Fleisher
Advertisement Manager: Michael Roberts
Classified Manager: Mike Naughton
Circulation Manager: Les Sharp
Subscription Manager: Kingsley Canham
Accountant: Ted Peacock

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £17, Overseas £18.50
Air mail:
Europe £22, Middle East £23.50, Africa, India £24.50, Australasia, Far East £25.50, USA $49.00, Canada $59.00

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
© 1979 The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Where Nyerere stands

Last week President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, the longest-serving leader of post-colonial Africa, had a conversation with the NEW STATESMAN. This talk put a more realistic construction on the current Zimbabwe negotiations than has appeared so far in most of the press.

'IF THE BRITISH try to be clever, the war will go on.' That was President Nyerere's reaction last week to any talk of Mrs Thatcher's alleged skill in negotiating the Lusaka agreement. Speaking to the NEW STATESMAN, he made it clear that the Front Line states regard the Lusaka accord as a binding one, and not something to be eroded and compromised by talks in London with Ian Smith. All the recent gossip about Tanzanian and Zambian 'pressure' on the Patriotic Front to cease fighting is made to look somewhat speculative and ill-informed by what he told us.

He stressed that Tanzania's position does not favour one faction or another, but is directed at securing a genuine transfer of power in Zimbabwe. The culmination of this must be internationally supervised elections under formal British authority. If any wing of the Patriotic Front should develop doubts or hesitations about fighting such an open election, President Nyerere said he would disown them and expect the rest of Africa to do the same. But in the meantime it was important that the British government should not try to renege on Lusaka. In particular, it should not attempt to lift economic sanctions against Rhodesia before the present conference had reached a conclusion. Any attempt to do so, President Nyerere said, would be construed as a breach of the Lusaka agreement.

Tanzania is supplying the Patriotic Front with the equivalent of three to four million dollars every year. President Nyerere made it clear that this would continue as long as the Front felt that it was left with no alternative but to fight. He said that Tanzania's current acute economic difficulties, which arise very largely from the successful struggle to rid Uganda of Amin after his aggression against Tanzania, would make no difference to the policy of supporting the Zimbabwean guerrillas. 'We shall never abandon them until they are free.' But he thinks that African states in general should stay out of the talks now being held in London, and leave the field to the Zimbabweans themselves. Anything else, he said, would be an interference.

This view tallies with his attitude to the recent non-aligned nations conference in Havana. Nyerere himself defends the Cuban action in Angola, and is a very committed socialist. But his view of the 'non-aligned' question, and its importance for Africa, is more subtle than this might imply. 'Very few of the nations attending the conference were socialist', he said. 'I should myself be very pleased if they were all to adopt the socialist way. But this would not reduce the importance of non-alignment. In the past, in history, all major wars were fought between states which had capitalism in common. The future may see great rivalries between socialist states. If the United States of America were to declare itself Marxist that would *increase* the need for non-alignment on the part of small countries.'

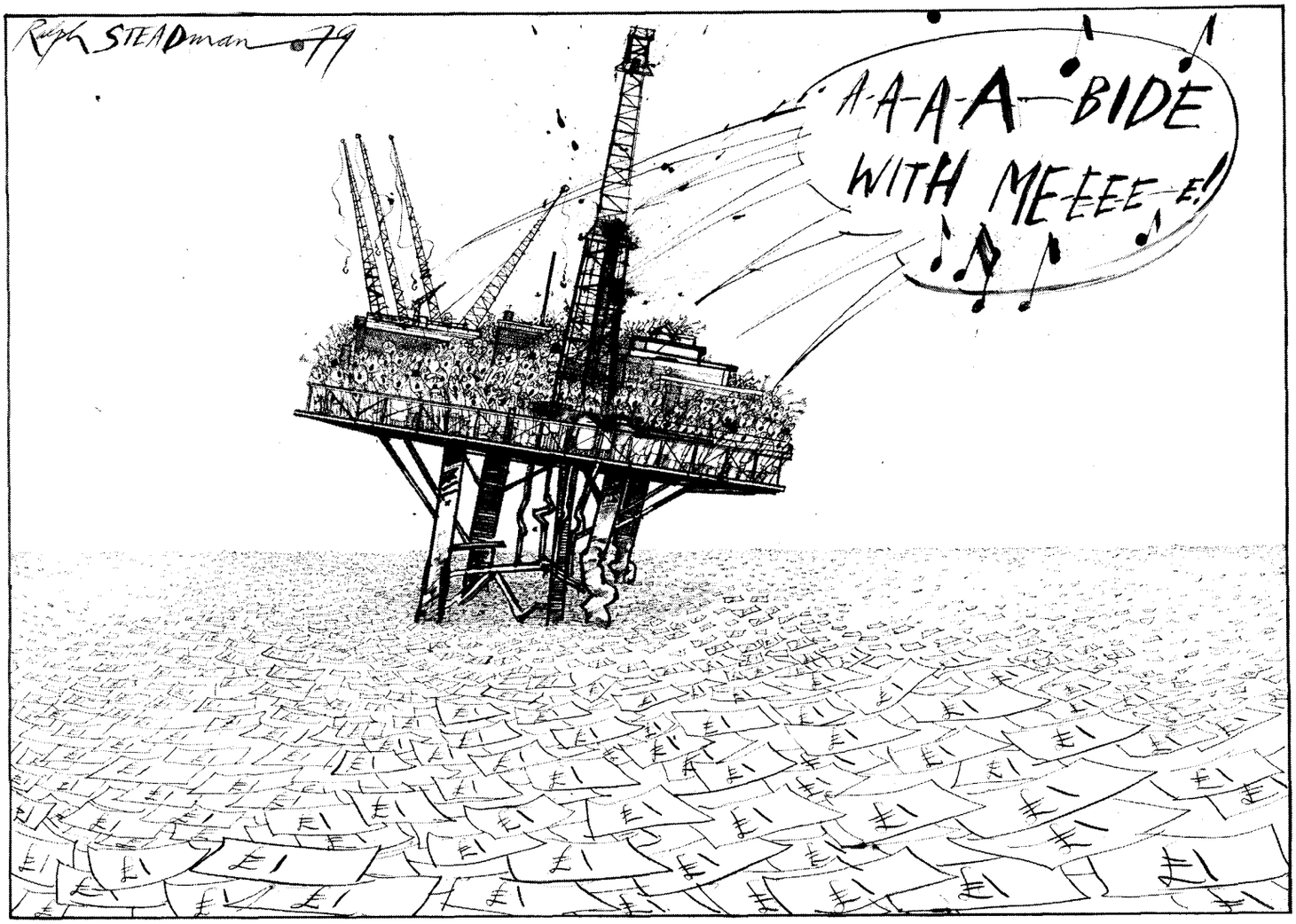
Nyerere feels that the African states have still had to concern themselves with the 'internal affairs' of Zimbabwe because the British government failed to live up to its responsibilities. He was calling, only a few months ago, for 'a short, sharp military strike' by Anglo-American forces against Salisbury. He no longer feels that there is any point in reiterating this demand, because the forces of the Patriotic Front have almost achieved ascendancy in the war, but if Smith succeeds in wrecking yet another summit on behalf of his own tiny constituency, then Nyerere and others will simply go on supporting the Patriotic Front until their final victory.

LOOKING further ahead, Nyerere realises that South African power is the joker in the pack. It has so far succeeded in frustrating the achievement of independence for Namibia. It has, in his own judgment, brought about the Cuban intervention in Angola by trying forcibly to prevent the victory of the MPLA. It has played a part, and continues to play a part, in stiffening the doomed resistance of the settler forces in Rhodesia. To an extent, it has been helped in doing this by the proximity of its own economy and firepower to the borders of Namibia, indirectly Angola, and Rhodesia itself. But as Nyerere points out, Malawi has no borders with South Africa and yet maintains exceptionally friendly relations with its apartheid regime. He feels that while South Africa can qualify the various moves made to decolonise Africa, it cannot absolutely veto them and there is, in any case, little choice but to continue fighting.

This does not prevent him from deploring the way in which the West has regarded South Africa as an honest broker in the negotiations both on Namibia and Rhodesia. The Anglo-American plan for Rhodesia, and the five-power deal on Namibia involving the Western members of the UN Security Council, each entail the West treating South Africa as in some way 'part of the family'. It is rather difficult to fault Nyerere's earlier comment on this – 'Because the West decided to be nice, the South Africans decided to be tough.' This problem, too, will remain with us for a long time. The attitude of Mozambique, which combines an economic compromise with South Africa and an attitude of long-term political intransigence, probably commends itself to Nyerere. He says that, although Mozambique is not a member of the Commonwealth, it 'absolutely' supports the Tanzanian stand on the Lusaka accords.

There are many who think it smart to say that Tanzania's extreme poverty and economic troubles will compel it to adopt some version of 'moderation' where Zimbabwe is concerned. If such people imagine that this will translate into a capitulation, they are mistaken. The war against Amin cost Nyerere 50,000m Tanzanian shillings, of which he says no more than ten per cent has been made up by outside aid. 'Some agencies have said to me that they cannot offer me much help because they do not wish to seem to sanctify my invasion retrospectively. I have told them they can keep their money.' The same spirit informs him, as chairman of the Front Line presidents, in his attitude to the battle for Zimbabwe. The British government might do much worse than to take careful note.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOTES

Sweden's time bomb

Francis Castles writes from Stockholm: As in 1973, Swedish voters have been unable to arrive at any clearcut decision about whether they wish to be ruled by the so-called 'bourgeois' parties (conservative, centre and liberal) or by the socialist bloc (social democrats and communists). Six years ago the result was a tie. The Swedes, having learned the dangers of even numbers in politics, reduced the number of parliamentary seats by one. This time someone must win, but the morning after the election no one knows who that may be. Only 20,000 votes separate the parties, with a large number of postal votes yet to be counted. We may not know until next week whether the social democrats will return to office after three years in the wilderness, or whether some form of 'bourgeois' government will emerge.

Although the overall result is indecisive, the election has led to one dramatic change: the Centre Party, whose steady growth in the sixties and early seventies created the basis for overturning the social democratic hegemony in 1976, has lost its status as the largest 'bourgeois' faction to the Moderates (Sweden's oddly named conservatives). The Centre also lost votes to the left, with the Social Democrats returning to their 1973 strength – about 43.6 per cent of the vote.

The Social Democrats played the campaign in the most defensive manner possible, trying to ensure that their marginal voters were not scared away. Their basic appeal was to the idea of *Folkshmmet* (The People's Home) – the caring, social welfare society which they had built up and only they could be entrusted to preserve. Their major thrust against the 'bourgeois' parties was to point to the manifest disunity which had led to the fall of the three party coalition and was unlikely to provide the strong government Sweden needed in the coming economic crisis.

The biggest uncertainty of all is next March's referendum on the energy question. The lines of conflict on nuclear energy depart radically from those which normally characterise Swedish politics. The Centre Party and the communists oppose the nuclear option and the Liberals, Social Democrats and Moderates support it. The large central organisations – white-collar and blue-collar union federations and the employers – are united in favour of nuclear energy, which they see as the only basis for the continuance of an affluent industrial society. But the membership of the pro-nuclear parties and unions are much more divided on the issue than their respective leaderships, and it is by no means impossible that the referendum will result in a decisive 'no'. That would mean that the Centre Party, decisively rejected in this election, was the only substantial party that had provided leadership in accord with the people's views on what is clearly the most heartfelt issue in contemporary Swedish politics. This time bomb will tick away for the next six months and, irrespective of the parliamentary balance which emerges from this week's count, no one will be quite certain whether they have won or lost until next March.

Here we go again

Duncan Campbell writes: The start of this year's major political trial at the Old Bailey, of six anarchists accused of conspiracy to rob, takes place in a markedly different atmosphere from that prevalent when the affair began. Fifteen months ago, the present defendants were being presented in terms of the highest hysteria that the Anti-Terrorist Squad could mount, accused of conspiracy to cause explosions. During last week's pre-trial hearings, with the conspiracy to cause explosions already forgotten, five of the six were on bail and were able to sit, quietly and unguarded, through the hearing. Last year they were permanently handcuffed, under armed guard once they left their maximum security cells, and hurtled from prison to court at almost suicidal speed while marksmen patrolled the rooftops.

The remaining charges include substantive allegations of possession of unauthorised or stolen firearms, and conspiracy charges allegedly connecting a set of defendants to a set of robberies.

The prosecution have taken several steps back from promises of even-handedness in the disgraceful rigmarole of jury vetting. Originally, prosecutor Michael Worsley had carelessly offered to make available to the defence all the police information used to vet the jury – involving checks on criminal records, Special Branch files and collators' files at local police stations. While he made this promise to the open court, however, the staff of the Director of Public Prosecutions adeptly amended it, in the written undertaking given to defence lawyers, so that it promised only a criminal records check and a *general indication* of anything else that might be found. Out of 92 potential jurors, with 20 or so having criminal records, the police have made *no* 'general indications' that the Special Branch or local collators have files on any of them. This is wholly implausible.

In the meantime, the judge has decided in a pre-trial direction, that juries aren't random anyway so vetting doesn't matter. He has also said that it is permissible for the defence to have legal aid to assist it in discovering reasons for challenging jurors, but he surrounded this judgment with enough constraints to make it impossible for the defence to proceed with checks. The verdict of the potential jurors on the whole affair will be interesting.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new law-breakers

Rick Rogers writes: Some local authorities are already breaking the law by the cuts in educational provision made this year – let alone through the cuts planned for next. This claim was made and substantiated at the launch of a joint campaign against the public spending cuts organised by education and welfare consumer groups. The groups – the Advisory Centre for Education, the Child Poverty Action Group, the Campaign for the Advancement of State Education, the National Consumer Council and the National Confederation of Parent-Teacher Associations – have produced a briefing pack for local organisations and parents who want to run effective anti-cuts campaigns.

Examples of current cuts which can mean a local authority not fulfilling its statutory duties include a lack of essential equipment for lessons (section 7 of the 1944 Education Act); charging for services provided in school (section 61); an end of swimming in many schools (section 53 puts a duty on authorities to provide adequate facilities for recreation and social and physical training). The state of many playground surfaces and equipment is becoming so neglected as to be dangerous to the children.

Capitation allowances – what local authorities pay the schools for each pupil on the register to fund books and equipment – are being cut back in some areas. This has meant some subjects ceasing to be taught and essential books for exam courses not being available. Nursery education and adult education classes are being cut out altogether in some local authorities. Some school crossing patrols have been discontinued making the journey to school for younger children more dangerous.

The campaigning groups have suggested that parents consider challenging a local authority in the courts over the legality of its educational provision. Earlier this year, a group of Haringey parents won their case against the local council for closing schools during the NUPE strike action.

The effects of the education cuts, briefing pack from ACE, 18 Victoria Park Square, London E2 9PB or CPAC, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2B 5NH.

Nuclear shipping: as safe as Ronan Point

Rob Rohrer writes: The MV *Leven Fisher* docked at Barrow earlier this week with a lethal cargo – 10 tonnes of spent nuclear fuel, the leftovers of uranium oxide from Sweden's Simpevarp nuclear power station. By now the fuel will be immersed in Windscale's storage ponds, waiting for the extraction – in a few years' time – of the valuable unused uranium and plutonium.

On the boat's departure from Sweden last week the country's State Nuclear Inspectorate protested that the 17-year-old freighter was unsuitable for carrying such a hazardous cargo. 'Even if we trust the containers,' said an Inspectorate spokesperson, 'It doesn't mean we should send the material in any old boat.'

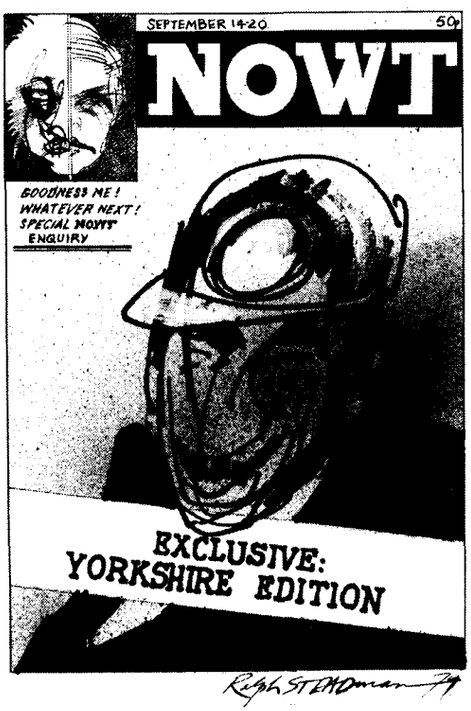
British Nuclear Fuels Ltd told the NEW STATESMAN this week that the *Leven Fisher's* latest consignment of irradiated nuclear fuel was its last. The ship is being retired as a fuel carrier. But the vessel's withdrawal has not wrung from BNFL any admission that the *Leven Fisher*'s operations over the past ten years were other than highly safe and secure. BNFL sticks to the predictable and simplistic argument that 'there hasn't been a single accident in that time and it has travelled half a million miles.' Which is rather like pointing out that Ronan Point had a trouble-free time up to its collapse.

The *Leven Fisher*'s replacement has not yet been chosen, say BNFL, but it will be another freighter, under two years old and 'adapted' to carry the spent fuel. The adaptations, however, will not make it the equal of BNFL's latest fuel carrier, the *Pacific Swan*. This new vessel will carry irradiated fuel from Japan in the 1980s when BNFL's controversial 1,600 tonne, 9 year contract begins. The *Pacific Swan* is protected from collisions and other disasters by a strengthened hull, extra buoyancy and additional bulkheads to create a double hull. Its cargo will be uranium oxide, the same material carried by the *Leven Fisher* and its successor.

Similar protection for BNFL's European cargoes of uranium oxide will not be available for at least two years. That is the time it will take, according to BNFL, to design and build a strengthened vessel. Regardless of which seas are crossed, these imports are among the most dangerous commodities to travel the shipping lanes. But BNFL sweeps aside the criticism and the worries by stressing the shortness of the European voyages, the lessened risks in European waters, and the 'safety record' of the *Leven Fisher*. It is unconvincing. Since BNFL clearly feels there is a need for a strengthened vessel on these routes as well it is important to ask why they have delayed so long in introducing one.

Where there's muck

Ralph Steadman draws:



UDR come to Scotland

Ron McKay writes: Five hundred members of the Ulster Defence Regiment are training at an army base at Barry Buddon, outside Dundee in Scotland. And with a further 3,000 to follow over the next few months there are substantial local fears that Scotland's non-war status to the IRA could now be at an end and that the Provisionals could strike at the regiment which they believe to be a sectarian reincarnation of the 'B Specials'.

Ernie Ross, the Labour MP for Dundee West, protested publicly last week about the presence of the UDR in the area and next day received more than 30 threatening calls from unnamed Protestants. He accused the Ministry of Defence of being insensitive to the large proportion of Catholics in Dundee. The 3,000 acres of the Barry Buddon camp, he pointed out, was one of the prime sites in the area for industrial development (Dundee has a 10 per cent unemployment rate with the Robb Caledon shipyard scheduled to close with the loss of 1100 jobs) and through the UDR training there the whole of Tayside was now 'at risk' from the IRA.

The decision to allow the UDR to use Barry Buddon has obviously been taken at the highest level. For the regiment the exercises are a toughening up for its units which are to be much more of a front-line force in Ulster. The camp provides them with ideal terrain for helicopter assaults, rapidly deploying a field force in open country.

In the ten years of the 'troubles' there have been no IRA activities in Scotland although there have been several trials involving Loyalists and three bomb attacks on Republican pubs. IRA policy has been to avoid sectarian warfare in Scotland and to confine all mainland activity to England. This policy could now be at risk. Apart from the UDR, there are countless 'soft', class targets in Scotland, principally the lairds and English Lords who own much of the Highlands of the country and whom the IRA would regard as instigators of British policy in Ireland. In their remote country houses they would be easily attacked. The decision to train the UDR in Scotland may thus open an awful Pandora's box.

The IMF is wrong

Thomas Balogh writes: The annual report of the International Monetary Fund, published this week, represents a further distressing stage in the return towards the pre-war trade cycle, threatening a liquidity crisis akin to that of 1931-33. The report forecasts a drastic slowdown in the industrialised countries and attributes this and the continued inflation to the second (1978-9) price revolution. The IMF estimates the surplus in the balance of payments of the advanced countries at $10bn. while that of the oil exporters is put at $50bn. The report welcomes the change in US policy from an expansionist maintenance of demand (which helped to mitigate the recession elsewhere) to anti-inflationary restriction (which boosts interest rates all over the world thus adding to the difficulties of the Third World and bringing the default nearer). There is not a word from the IMF on the need for an incomes policy.

The IMF's recommendations take us back to the Thirties, which paved the way for Hitler and war. They are based on totally false premises. The increase in the price of oil mainly means a shift in real income from the industrialised countries to the oil exporters. This is obviously a loss to the west; it is, however, of a once-and-for-all character. In contrast to 1973-74, when the loss was some £100bn., the present oil increase is not likely to exceed half of that, and will probably be less (depending on what surcharge on the basic Saudi price the other producers will impose). In terms of the national income of the countries concerned this cannot be said to be a grave menace. It certainly will not amount to more than two or three per cent of the national income-s of the west; and even this overstates the real impact because it is mostly the desert countries which will gain and they, as yet, are unable to accept the real transfer of resources. They will take their gain in terms of increased liquid balances or, at worst, investment in properous western enterprises.

Lever's successor

Steve Kelly writes: Next Thursday provides Mrs Thatcher with her first real test of popularity since the General Election when voters in the declining constituency of Manchester Central go to the polls. Labour candidate Bob Litherland should romp home with a comfortable majority.

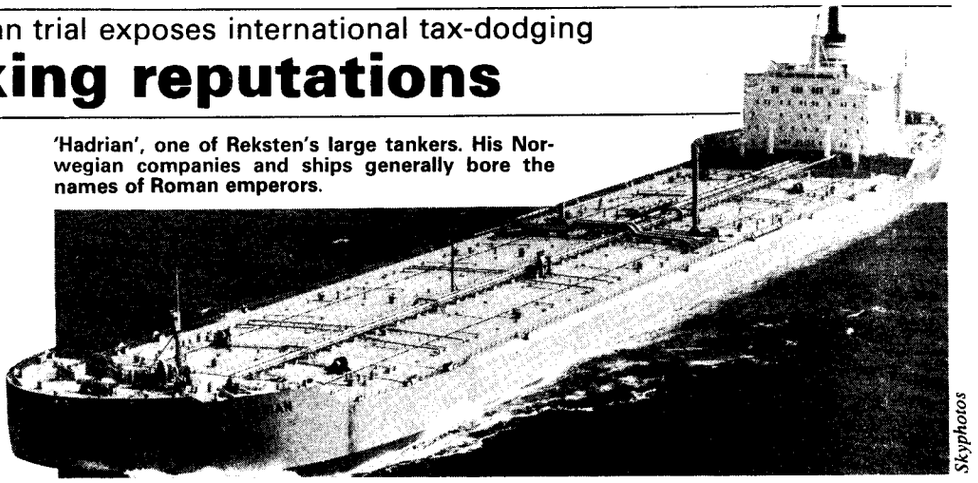
By far the most significant and interesting vote went weeks ago when local councillor and print worker Bob Litherland was selected unexpectedly against tough opposition from former MPs. His selection has at least dispelled press tales that Manchester Central has been taken over by marxists hunting for Harold Lever's scalp. Manchester appears to always choose its MPs from within its own council ranks. Four out of the city's six MP's are former councillors. However, with Manchester Central's boundaries scheduled for redrawing yet again in the near future, Bob Litherland might find his stay in Parliament limited to years rather than an expected lifetime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINANCE
Duncan Campbell and Blaine Stothard

Norwegian trial exposes international tax-dodging

Sinking reputations



'Hadrian', one of Reksten's large tankers. His Norwegian companies and ships generally bore the names of Roman emperors.

Skyphotos

THE CITY OF London's prestigious reputation for financial expertise has always relied on steering just the right side of the wide grey line between the legal arts of tax avoidance and the illegal acts of tax evasion. But the current trial of one time Norwegian shipping magnate Hilmar Reksten suggests that a more liberal approach is taken on operations outside our own, rather moderate, tax regime. The Norwegian trial has shown that Hambros Bank, who have been Reksten's bankers, and financial factotums, have been happy to arrange on his behalf a succession of ingenious corporate enterprises in scattered tax havens with the sole objective of, the prosecution allege, defrauding the Norwegian state of taxes on income of hundreds of millions of krone. The practices have been especially galling because Hambros have been the Norwegian government's London representative for state loans for almost 75 years; they will no longer be continuing in this role.

In a previous article, (NS 17 August 1979), we explained how in 1973 Hambros helped set up a Liberian company, Palmerston Holdings, through which Reksten secretly, and illegally, obtained a half share in an entire new fleet of tankers, now worth £150 million. Evidence showing that Sir Charles Hambro, the chairman of the bank, was entirely aware of Reksten's involvement has now been produced to the Bergen court. During the proceedings too, Hambros have been repeatedly mentioned as the various financial transactions of the Reksten group of companies are scrutinised. The Norway State Bank had already privately made clear its view that five directors of Hambros were a party to the offences alleged. The five include Sir Charles, as well as John Clay, Hambros deputy chairman, who is also a director of the Bank of England. But, since the deals all took place outside Norway, and none of the five are Norwegians, there was no question of charges being brought, as Hambros itself informally pointed out.

Reksten and his lawyers have remained virtually silent while the police prosecutor has spelled out the 'Reksten method' of evading taxation on international shipping operations. Reksten was formerly one of the world's large-supertanker operators, working from his Bergen headquarters. He chartered his ships out to companies in Bermuda and Liberia, who then chartered them out to real customers, mainly oil multinationals. Reksten contrived to charter his ships so that all the profits were accrued by the chartering intermediaries, while he reported negligible profits, or even losses, in Norway. The chartering intermediaries were often controlled by other companies themselves registered in the tax havens of Bermuda, Liberia, or Panama, whence the ownership trail usually led to a letterbox address in Monrovia, Liberia, or Hamilton, Bermuda.

The prosecution's contention is simple: these companies, such as the Liberian Palmerston Holdings, were secretly owned and controlled by Reksten. In all of this, the prosecutor has repeatedly said, Hambros were 'straw men', with their directors serving on the boards of the shell companies and shareholdings registered to Hambros (Nominees). Reksten himself, of course, pulled the straws. Deals like Palmerston were cooked up in a series of meetings in New York, Brussels, Paris and London, while a fabricated account of developments was fed to the Norwegian authorities.

One set of arrangements allowed Reksten to take full advantage of the British government's generous shipbuilding grants to British companies. The London-registered Thornhope Shipping successfully obtained these subsidies to build two ships; it channelled its profits to another Panama shell company, Arran Investments. Reksten is now charged with illegally acquiring a substantial stake in this foreign company without permission, and with tax avoidance through shifting its profits off to Panama. Evidence given to the court about Thornhope has shown the integral role of Hambros in Reksten's affairs; Mr Erik Heirung, a former Reksten employee who represented Reksten on the Thornhope board, said that one of his jobs in Britain was to reduce the manpower of two associated shipping lines, Furness Withy and Silver Line, 'on Hambros instructions'. Hambros advised Reksten on the necessity to make Thornhope appear to be 'managed in Britain' and obtained the necessary Bank of England permission to allow the company, despite the foreign controlling interest, to obtain shipbuilding subsidies.

Another charge against Reksten concerns a tanker, the *Clementine Churchill*. By 1973 this was entirely owned by Reksten and his Norwegian companies. The Norwegian government, however, had been deceived into believing that 20 per cent of the ship was owned by Swan Hunter of Newcastle. When it was sold, in July 1973 for almost double its original cost, Reksten put the profits on the illicit 20 per cent share, about 13.6 million krone (£1.2m), into a registered foreign currency account at Hambros in London. The money was soon thereafter shifted off to another tax haven paper company, the Gannet Shipping Corporation of Grand Cayman. The Hambros account was legal since the Norwegian government had authorised it. But they were not informed of the illicit profits or their subsequent flight to Grand Cayman, either by Hambros or Reksten.

THE 'REKSTEN METHOD' of salting money away from arduous Scandinavian tax regimes clearly owes a great deal to the ingenuity of Hambros, who at one time or another have provided loans of hundreds of millions of pounds to finance his shipping ventures. One of the more recent and complex pieces of such work will not however be investigated in the Bergen hearing. This concerns the way in which Reksten, in deep financial crisis after the 1973 tanker slump, bought his way out of impending bankruptcy. Reports of a Norwegian police investigation, and other documents obtained by the NEW STATESMAN, show how Hambros and Reksten set up a 'scheme' whereby some five major creditors would sell off their Reksten debts, estimated at $61 million, for $20 million and leave Reksten to carry on. The purchaser of the debts was another tax haven number, the Iceland Shipping Corporation of Panama. This company had been set up in 1968, but did not trade before 1975 when it suddenly offered to buy up Reksten's debts. Iceland could then claim the $60 million any time up to December 1984. To date, most unusually, they have made no attempt to call on the debt.

The necessity for the Iceland operation arose from the tanker slump in the mid 70s. Reksten had chartered four additional supertankers in from other shipping concerns in Norway, Britain and elsewhere. Although the shipping world believed that Reksten had rechartered the ships very profitably, a different version was presented in Norway. All four ships were in fact chartered out to Intercontinental Chartering and Shipping Corporation of Panama, at, according to a police report, 'exactly the same rate as he himself hired the vessels for'. Intercontinental then rechartered the ships to real customers, at considerable profits. In 1973 alone, in this way ICSC accumulated 160 million krone (£14.5 million) whilst Reksten took a loss of 56 million krone (£5.1 million). By the start of 1975, Reksten had become unable to continue paying for the charter of the four ships, or for the new tankers under construction at the Norwegian Akers shipyard. Akers threatened Hambros that they would bankrupt Reksten unless their debts were settled.

On 24 July 1975, Sir Charles Hambro wrote to Reksten proposing a solution:

> We have indicated that we would . . . create a scheme whereby up to $20 million could be made available to you personally, to enable you to make an offer to your creditors . . . we for our part will (now) take all steps to facilitate the creation of the new company . . . and to provide the indicated 'facilities'

Hambros then set out an elaborate proposal for the major creditors, involving a complex series of transactions in the ownership of Reksten's companies, Hadrian Shipping and Julian Shipping, and their ships, including the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newly built (and laid up) supertanker, called *Sir Charles Hambro*. But the net effect was simple – $20 million was put in by Iceland Shipping, and emerged in Mr Reksten's hands to buy off the creditors. The new company, Iceland, was totally a Hambros creation, with all shares to be vested in Hambros nominees, and all directors appointed by Hambros. It bore all the signs of the 'straw man' operation frequently highlighted by Bergen. Given Iceland's charitable reluctance to claim its due debts from Reksten, however, it is hard to avoid concluding that once again he and his friends are behind this shell company.

On investigation, the Norwegian police discovered that the directors of the company were three Swiss businessmen, with a telex number registered to an unforthcoming Zurich company, Experta Trehaud AG. Faced with a wall of silence from Reksten and his employees, none of whom could or would provide any information about the real owners, the trail dried up. Hambros had taken a number of precautions to prevent extended discussion of the new company, including binding the creditors to confidentiality as part of the deal. Hambros also astonished their partners in a $60 million loan from a banking syndicate to Reksten when, in August 1975, they suddenly and apparently rather riskily chose to buy the others out rather than disclose sensitive financial information.

A different version of events was presented to the Bergen court at the start of this week by lawyer Haakon Nygaard, who claimed that Palmerston and Intercontinental Chartering were controlled by 'Hambros and Arab oil interests', not Reksten. Nygaard plays a particularly odd role in the whole affair; a lawyer with strong past links with Hambros, he now heads the Norwegian Guarantee Institute which provides financial guarantees for shipowners. The Institute, set up at Hambros' behest, played an important role in securing the creditors' acceptance of the Iceland deal, when Reksten's imminent bankruptcy had already hit Hambros' share prices.

Although the Reksten case has been dubbed the national 'scandal of the century', there remains a substantial pool of public sympathy for the 81 year old former shipowner. But the sympathy does not extend to the international wheeler dealers with whom he ran his business.

UNIONS
Donald Macintyre

The AUEW has returned to its worst undemocratic traditions

The birth of Robson's Law

LORD CITRINE'S standard work on the conduct of meetings which has assumed an almost biblical authority with many trade union officials says of rulings by chairmen: 'He should be given as much power as he can safely exercise but he must not be allowed to become autocratic or unreasonable. In our view the final authority must always rest with the members'. Lord Citrine was mainly directing his advice at chairmen of large meetings, like the TUC; moreover to prevent frivolous challenges he proposed a model standing order laying down that only two thirds majorities could defeat a chairman's ruling. The contrast, however, between the Citrine spirit and the policy adopted in Eastbourne on Tuesday by AUEW national conference chairman, Mr Harold Robson will be a subject for debate in the union for months to come.

Mr Robson, whose unhappy lot it was to chair the AUEW conference before its chaotic end at lunchtime on Tuesday, is a courteous north easterner with a natural chairman's manner. But in the absence of both the union's president Terry Duffy and the senior executive member Gavin Laird he was entrusted by the right wing leadership with the task of blocking an emergency resolution seeking to commit the union's Labour Party delegation to support all three controversial NEC proposals on election of the leader, the manifesto and reselection of MPs. The national conference, the representative body of all four sections in the uneasy federation which currently make up the amalgamated union, would have passed the resolution if they had been allowed to debate it. Mr Robson ruled, as he was quite entitled to do, that it was not a proper emergency. The outrage was over his refusal to accept a vote when his ruling was challenged from the floor, the anger this provoked has much to do with the broad left's determination to commit the AUEW into casting their votes into the Benite urn at Brighton next month, but it also has something to do with the distinctive character of the AUEW itself. This is the first year since the war that the engineering section executive has been entirely in the right-wing hands. That this should have coincided with the first national engineering strikes since 1971 and a leftward move in its policy-making bodies reflects not on the competence of the leadership in pressing home moderate policies, but on the historic structure of the union. The founding fathers of the AUEW devised a rule book intended to prevent sovereignty falling into the hands of any one man. Sir John Boyd, the union's General Secretary may be the Labour leadership's staunchest union ally, but unlike many of his colleagues in other unions he has had to stand time and time again in the periodic elections to which every full time official of the union is subjected. The power of the executive has always been hung with checks and balances.

Thus when, earlier this year, a left-dominated National Committee insisted on a harder line in the engineering negotiations, the negotiators lost no time in pressing home their claim. It is not every day that Sir John describes the conduct of a nationalised company as 'dastardly and immoral'. There is every sign that Sir John, Mr Duffy and his colleagues accepted without reservation their constitutional duty to implement the national committee decision.

The Labour Party question was rather different. On Monday night despite tenacious argument by Sir John, the standing orders committee during a 90-minute meeting in a ground floor room of Eastbourne's Town Hall approved for voting the next day any emergency resolution sponsored by two left-wingers (an ex-leader of Hampshire County Council and a current Norfolk County Councillor) backing the NEC Conference proposals. Ironically, had an over-zealous right-winger not insisted earlier that a vacancy on the standing orders committee be filled, Sir John would have had, if the worst had come to the worst, a telling propaganda point at this stage. The resolution would have still have been approved, but on the casting vote of the standing orders chairman Mr Ron Halverson, who happens to be a veteran member of the Communist Party. Halverson's vote was not needed and the resolution went through 4 to 3.

From the rostrum next morning Sir John again argued that it did not qualify as an emergency resolution, that the issues were not new, that policy decisions of this sort were for the four sections of the amalgamation individually and not the amalgamated conference, and that the amalgamated union had never affiliated to the Labour Party. The left countered by saying that it was indeed an emergency since the NEC Conference proposals had been issued in July after the engineering sections' national committee had met, and that it was the conference's job to guide the delegation.

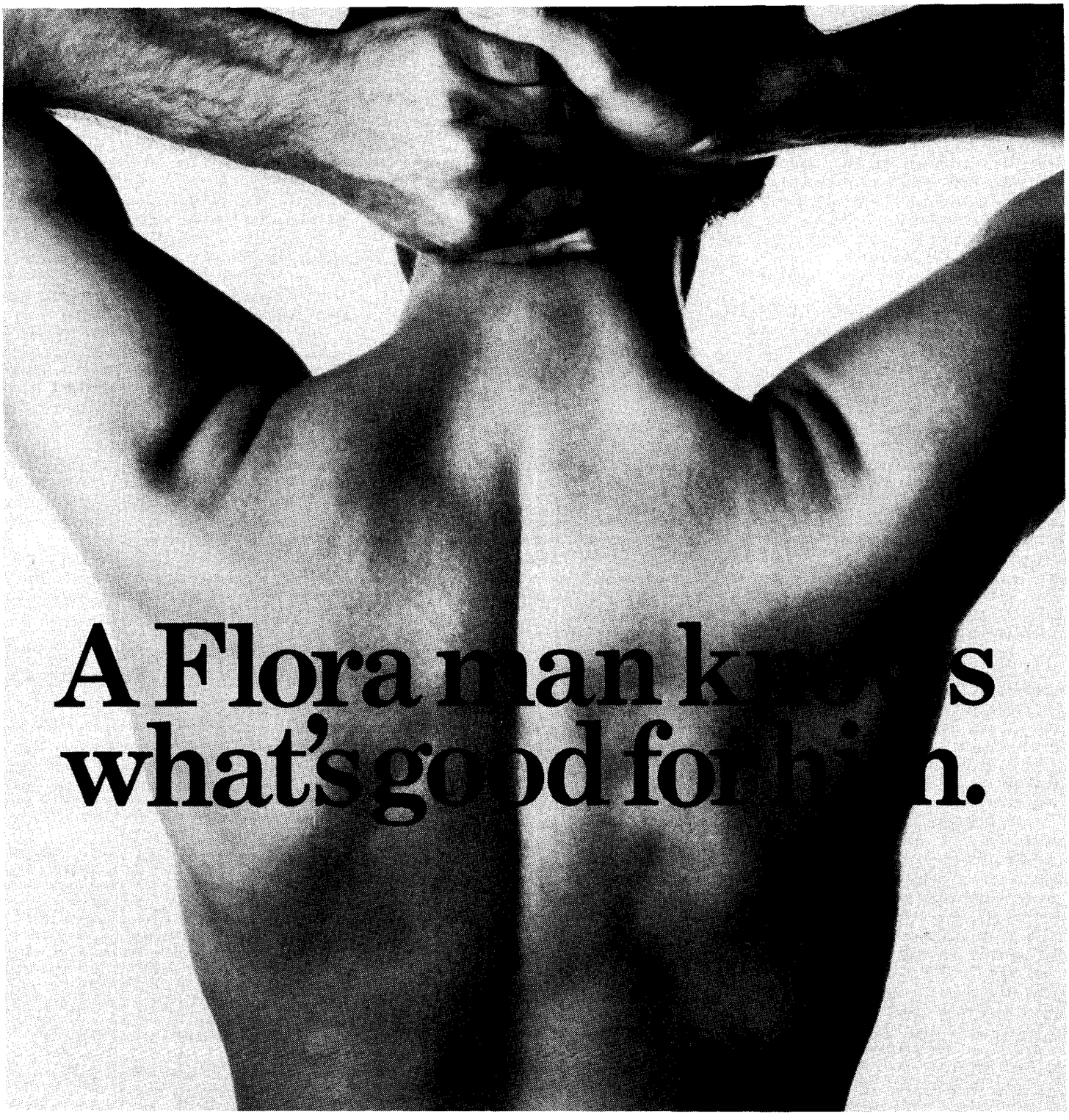
In the event, the debate was sterile. Mr Robson rejected the standing orders committee's demand that the issue be put to the vote and that was virtually that. Mr Robson's own motion that standing orders be accepted minus the Labour Party resolution was the only one voted on. It was defeated by 35 votes to 34 and Mr Robson closed the conference.

The leadership's best hope early this week is that they have a sporting chance at best that the 34-strong Labour Party delegation votes against the NEC proposals. Indeed, their own arithmetic does not rule out a 17-17 delegation split which would give Mr Duffy the required casting vote. Moves afoot to change the way in which the union elects its Labour Party and TUC delegations may affect their composition in future. At present, they are elected at branch meetings in polls of less than 10 per cent, contrasting as the right wing are fond of pointing out, with much larger polls in postal ballots for full-time officials.

The first stage of a plan to bring all the engineering craft unions, including the much-wooed boilermakers, under one roof is to effect a transfer of engagements with the sheetmetal workers, the foundry section of the AUEW, and less probably, the construction section. All this is planned for completion by July next year, the 60th anniversary of the AUEW's formation. The leadership intend that from 1981 the TUC and Labour delegations would be elected by a substantial expanded national committee. Much, however, will depend on the next quinquennial rules revision committee in 1980 which will have to approve all such changes.

Potentially, the union is stronger than it has been for a long time. Membership is at record levels and Sir John is proud that he has turned a £1m. overdraft into a £6m. general fund. And although strike benefit is currently costing the union £3m. a year, a rise in subscriptions agreed last week will bring the union in a further £5m. The smaller craft unions as a result, are looking with greater interest than before at amalgamation with their big brother. But while the Labour Party leadership may yet be saved from the NEC plans the fiasco in Eastbourne on Tuesday will if nothing else remind other union leaders that, when occasion requires, Carron's Law can still be dusted off and put to use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Flora man k s what's go d fo n.

Today's man cares. He looks after himself. He cares about what he eats.

Flora is part of healthy eating. That's why you find more men becoming Flora men.

Their wives know they like that light, delicate taste.

And Flora is made with pure sunflower oil, so it's high in polyunsaturates.

Higher, in fact, than any other nationally available spread.

Is there a Flora man in your home?

Flora - high in polyunsaturates. The margarine for men.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIDDLE EAST
Ian Black

Hussein is dusting off his old confederation plan

Jordan waits in the wings

Jerusalem

WILL KING HUSSEIN of Jordan get off the fence and join the Middle East peace process? Egypt's President Sadat thinks he will, and the Americans are still guardedly optimistic. But the Hashemite monarch says no: for Israel has given no sign that it is prepared for any form of territorial compromise on the West Bank, let alone the full withdrawal, including East Jerusalem, that is Amman's minimum public demand.

Yet something is afoot. Over the last fortnight there has been a spate of reports about the revival of a 1972 Jordanian plan for a confederation between both parts of the kingdom; and, much less likely, of agreement between Hussein and PLO leader Yasser Arafat to 'permit' the king – in a radical departure from the decision of the 1974 Rabat summit – to reclaim the West Bank.

The Jordanian card is on the table again. It may not be played now – almost certainly not before the autonomy talks run out of steam for lack of Palestinian involvement – but sooner or later someone will turn it over. The current deadlock, a year this week after the Good News came forth from Camp David, is giving us a glimpse of the future of the game.

The signs are many and various: having burnt their fingers badly over the Andrew Young affair (the tip of a sizeable iceberg of exploratory contacts with the PLO) the analysts of the US State Department appear to be taking another close look at Amman and its friends on the West Bank, who in turn are consolidating positions and thinking seriously about the shape of things to come.

Special Ambassador Robert Strauss met recently with Hikmet Al-Masri of Nablus, a former speaker of the Jordanian parliament, and with Elias Freij, the mayor of Bethlehem, a diehard moderate who pays the required lip service to the PLO but still maintains close ties with Hussein. Both encounters, one in Washington and the other during Strauss's visit to Jerusalem last week, produced little more than the customary 'frank exchange of views'. But given the long-standing refusal of West Bankers to talk politics with the representatives of a scheme they have rejected as a fraud, the very agreement to meet the envoy was something of an innovation. 'It is better to meet with them and tell them what we want than to stand aloof,' Freij said blithely.

But what do they want? Most of the traditional pro-Jordanian figures on the West Bank are men of status, property and wealth. Three of the most prominent of them, Al-Masri, Anwar Nusseibeh and Anwar Al-Khatib, occupied plum positions until 1967. They were the ministers, ambassadors and governors of the land. For people like these, who have kept their heads down under occupation and avoided the daily contact with the Israelis that is the lot of the West Bank mayors (a different generation of a different class), Jordan still represents stability, order and permanence.

The PLO, heir apparent to the bearded king, is a loose umbrella body sheltering a host of rival groups, dependent on sources as different and mutually hostile as Riyadh, Moscow and Baghdad for financial solvency and operational ability. But despite the opposition of other PLO member groups which are no fonder of Hussein than they are of Menahem Begin, Arafat's mainstream Fatah group – which has also been largely responsible for the PLO's spectacular diplomatic offensive in Europe and at the UN – has achieved a significant *rapprochement* with Jordan.

Yasser Arafat, the PLO's leader; he has scored a significant *rapprochement* with Jordan.

IT HAS PAID OFF handsomely for both sides. True, the king has stopped short of allowing the PLO to establish a military presence on his soil, but he is at peace with the Palestinians. They have forestalled the danger – theoretically equally fatal to all wings of the PLO – that he might jump on to the autonomy bandwagon.

The wheels of cooperation, oiled by the promises of a share of the loot of last November's anti-Sadat Baghdad summit, grind exceedingly slow. But they do grind. Jordan has released a number of Palestinian prisoners jailed since 1970 and a joint committee on the occupied territories, which meets regularly in Amman, has drawn together supporters of both camps on the West Bank.

Jordan's foreign policy – a relatively simple edifice built on the twin pillars of preserving access to massive foreign aid and the maintenance of neutrality in the divided Arab world – depends to a large extent on keeping alive the detente with the PLO. For Hussein, Palestinian spells danger, instability, Communist influence. His policies of integration have been successful up to a point, although there is an immense difference between the refugees of 1948 and those 200,000 who followed them 19 years later.

The military option has little to offer Jordan, with its long exposed border with Israel and the vulnerability of Amman and the Ghor Valley irrigation system. Israel has never

ECONOMIC MONITOR

Edited by David Blackaby

Valuable subsidies

THE TEMPORARY Employment Subsidy has a larger positive effect on the balance of payments than do tax cuts, says Richard Layard. The essential difference between the two policies is the effect of the former in reducing costs and, therefore, prices. In a competitive international economy, sales will expand appreciably in response to a small fall in price. The fact that the employment subsidies are given to internationally-competitive industries suggests that subsidised workers displaced foreign rather than domestic output and employment.

Selective public employment differs from general public expenditure in that it can be concentrated on low-wage groups who are prone to unemployment. It can use labour-intensive techniques, so little of the expenditure flows over into producing imports or higher-wage jobs elsewhere in the economy. Hence the gross budgetary cost per reduction will be much less than for a reduction via tax cuts, and the flow-back will be much higher. Because of this the Department of Employment claims that the net cost of the subsidies was zero.

The Costs and Benefits of Selective Employment Policies: The British Case. R. Layard, British Journal of Industrial Relations, May 1979.

How should government spending be financed?

EARLY ATTEMPTS at modelling the economy have mis-stated the effectiveness of fiscal actions on the economy by ignoring the significance of the way in which government expenditure is financed. An allegedly expansionary fiscal policy can be completely offset by a reduction in private expenditure subsequent to the government transferring resources from the public to itself in the form of taxes, or by borrowing.

Arestis constructs a simple model of the British economy incorporating strict definitions of financing methods. Government deficits are 'covered' by issues of debt, either in the form of money or as deferred obligations. Alternative fiscal actions are then undertaken and the resultant changes in economic activity are compared to 'actual' experience.

Arestis demonstrates that complete 'crowding-out' occurs only when government expenditure is financed by taxes on expenditure – such as VAT – but that, when financed from income tax or by money and bond issues, fiscal policy can influence the level of economic activity. For example, the first quarter effect of a £1m increase in government spending financed by an issue of long-term debt, would be to raise national income by £3.3m, and after 30 quarters would leave national income £1.7m above its original level – a result contrary to the fundamental monetarist assumption.(R.Bladen-Hovell)

The 'Crowding-Out' of Private Expenditure by Fiscal Action: An Empirical Investigation. P. Arestis, Public Finance, No. 1, 1979.

Cutting shopping costs

FOOD PRICES would fall noticeably if shoppers were better informed about price differences between individual supermarkets, according to an American journal. An experiment conducted on 26 supermarkets in Ottawa showed how effective customer knowledge can be.

Prices on 65 food products were collected for each supermarket and the information was published in Ottawa daily newspapers over a five week period. The research found an average 7 per cent decline in the overall price level during that period. On conclusion of the experiment retail food prices rose by 9 per cent, bringing them back into line with the Canadian retail prices index. Government publication of retail price information deserves serious consideration. (P. J. Dawson)

The Influence of Consumer Price Information on Retail Pricing and Consumer Behaviour. D. Grant Devine and Bruce W. Marion, American Journal or Agricultural Economics, May 1979.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shied away from wars of attrition, either at Suez or the Litani, and Hussein realises, especially as the much vaunted Syrian-Iraqi union has fallen apart, that Arab cooperation need not necessarily mean war.

Now the king is dusting off the old confederation plan, which could attract those who seek a comprehensive settlement but fear an independent Palestine between Israel and the river. As a tactical step it could even appeal to those elements of the PLO – especially those who pushed for the *rapprochement* with Jordan in the first place – who realise that they will need Hussein as much in the future as they do today.

The plan, first conceived in March 1972 and bluntly dismissed by the Labour Government of Golda Meir, envisages a confederal relationship between the East and West Banks of the Jordan, with the latter ('Palestine') enjoying autonomy in everything but defence and foreign affairs. The old system of district governors, designed to keep the Palestinians under Amman's thumb until 1967, would be revived, with more power to the local Jordanian loyalists.

IT WAS THEY who fired the first volley in the coming struggle for the West Bank several weeks ago in an unfamiliar setting: an organised labour dispute, complete with pickets and slogans, that pitted the pro-Hashemites versus the rest. Four hundred employees of the East Jerusalem Electricity Company, one of the last institutional vestiges of Jordanian influence, held a three week strike in pursuit of legitimate industrial grievances that had nothing to do with the Byzantine politicking of the royal court and its friends.

The company management, headed by Bethlehem mayor Freij, turned the stoppage into an excuse for an onslaught on the West Bank members of the clandestine Jordanian Communist Party, who gave active support to the workers. They were accused of meddling in the affairs of the financially weak enterprise for political purposes that did 'not serve the interests of national unity'.

This useful slogan came up again a short time later, when the East Jerusalem daily *Al-Quds*, generally recognised as Jordan's mouthpiece, began publishing news items and editorials attacking the Communists, who not only reject autonomy but are also unequivocal in their demand for an independent West Bank state. This time the paper said the party was planning to field its own candidates against those approved by the Jordanian-PLO bloc in the municipal elections scheduled for next April.

The attack surprised no one, despite the fact that the Communists have no intention of going to the hustings on separate lists. But the timing suggested a carefully orchestrated attempt, all the more impressive because of its intense spontaneity, to consolidate a united front of what *Al-Quds* described as 'nationalist and religious elements' that would brook no opposition from an independent and not insignificant Left.

West Bank politics are often strange and complex, either conducted secretly, away from the eyes of the Israelis, or in long and allusive polemics in the local press. Generations of stifled independence and foreign rule have led to conflicting loyalties and frustrated aspirations. The air is stale with the rejection of autonomy, and change would be welcome. Will Jordan participate?

On the old Patagonia Express.

Discovering a continuous railway route stretching from his home in Massachusetts all the way down to Patagonia in Argentina, prize-winning novelist Paul Theroux decided to follow it.

His description of that journey – starting in this week's Sunday Telegraph – is unlike any travel account you've ever read.

In El Salvador, Theroux finds himself on what must be one of the worst trains in the world . . . with the scenery switching from breath-taking landscapes to shanty-town slums. He's not surprised to see the ticket-collectors wearing guns: the train takes 3½ hours to cover 40 miles.

Arriving in the capital, San Salvador, Theroux attends an international football match which ends in a riot after *five* match balls disappear into the crowd.

Follow Paul Theroux's fascinating journey in this week's Sunday Telegraph.

It's a trip you shouldn't miss . . .

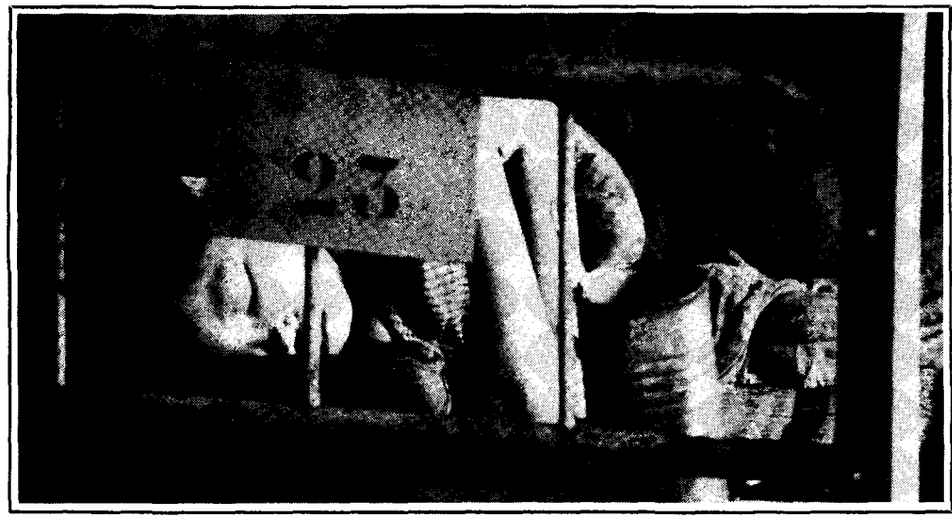
Sunday Telegraph

With Telegraph Sunday Magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letting a nation die

Cambodia, once the most peaceful and graceful land in Asia, may be the first 'expendable' nation to die. Bombed by the Americans, decimated by the Khmer Rouge, the nation faces the prospect of extinction because of the culpable indifference of governments. JOHN PILGER reports.



Eric Piper: Syndication International

I HAVE JUST returned from Cambodia. During 20 years as a journalist, most of them spent in transit at wars and places of contrived upheaval, I had not seen anything to compare with what I saw in Cambodia. Nor did my expectation, based upon the stories of refugees and rumour, in any way match the reality; for what has happened there has not happened before.

Among the five of us who went – the others were an ATV television team and photographer Eric Piper – two concerns quickly developed. Was it possible, we asked ourselves, to encapsulate the evidence of what we saw, and what seemed barely credible, in a way that the *enormity* of the crime and its aftermath might be recognised internationally and the survivors, who are mostly sick and starving children, might be saved. The second concern was almost surreal: how to keep moving *away* from the rush of sounds and images that pursued us every day; and of course that was not possible; the screams of fleshless, dying children remain indelible.

In the 'hospital' of an orphanage in Phnom Penh, laid out like a Great War field station in the Gothic shell of an abandoned chapel, there were children who had been found wandering in the forest, living off treebark, grass and poisonous plants. Their appearance almost denied their humanity: rows of staring, manic eyes set in skin like the frayed cloth of a tailor's dummy; once our filming had to stop while Gerry Pinches, the cameraman, walked away to cry. In the city's 'peoples hospital', where every piece of modern equipment had been mutilated by the Khmer Rouge and the dispensary was bare, the cries of children reached such a crescendo that they could be heard in the street outside. When we returned the next morning, another six had wasted to death: their names chalked on a blackboard beside a poster reminding us that 1979 was the International Year of the Child. There were no antibiotics, no antiseptics, no anaesthetic, no anti-malarials, no vitamins, no painkillers: not even an aspirin. Food was a gruel of 'dirty' rice and it came in a small condensed milk tin; there was no milk.

On the roof of this hospital is a large red cross, a remnant of the days when ladders of bombs fell from B-52s a few miles away. The red cross is, of course, a universal symbol of humanitarianism, which is said to transcend politics and frontiers. At this hospital it might as well ward off evil spirits. No International Red Cross doctors or nurses have come; driblets of Red Cross medicines have come and have evaporated. When Jacques Beaumont, the representative of UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, stood before our camera to be interviewed, he, too, wept. 'I am from the United Nations', he said, 'but I have only my suitcases'.

The day before, in a village in the south, Beaumont had watched four starving children die . . . 'and me with only my suitcases', he repeated. In the northern province of Kompong Speu, at least half the children we filmed in an 'orphans ward', a straw hut, are now dead. 'Anyway, they will all go soon', said Dr Jean-Michel Vinot, one of two French doctors who travelled with us: the *only* Western doctors who had come to help. Most of the children are dying from nutrition related diseases that are preventable and curable. Anthrax, contracted from eating contaminated meat, kills within a month. Penicillin can stop it; astonishingly, there is some penicillin at Kompong Speu, but it is not enough, and each morning the Vietnamese doctor must choose who will live and who will die. More often than not the choice is made for him.

I REMEMBER CAMBODIA from before the bombing and the horror of the Khmer Rouge. Perhaps I romanticise, but it seemed the most inoffensive and graceful land, whose people cherished their obscurity and never held out a begging bowl and never knew hunger. In his excellent book, *Sideshow*, William Shawcross quotes a 1959 Pentagon report describing the Khmer people as 'by and large a passive and docile people' who could not be easily panicked, whose horizons were limited to village, pagoda and forest, who knew of no other countries, who respected their government, who feared ghosts and 'cannot be counted upon to act in any positive way for the benefit of US aims and policies'.

In other words, they were expendable. Eleven years later American foreign policy pivoted on Henry Kissinger's 'Theory of Expendability'. This 'doctrine' (a word that pleased Kissinger) assumed that all the world was a chess game in which the small nations were mere pawns to be moved at will, ~~or~~ to be declared expendable, regardless of questions of sovereignty, morality etc., and that the crushing or isolating or starving of these troublesome lands could be accommodated or negotiated in the spirit of detente between the super powers. (Not surprisingly, it is a view shared with enthusiasm by the Kremlin, which is currently attempting to crush 'expendable' Eritrea, without, of course, a murmur from the West.)

Cambodia was Kissinger's first opportunity to put his theory into practice. Cambodia was neutral, 'by and large passive and docile' and allied to no bloc; Cambodia could be broken in order to demonstrate to the neighbouring Vietnamese communists the 'toughness' of the Nixon administration. This 'theory' became a terrible reality over the skies of Cambodia in March 1970, and the bombing, which had no justification in American law and was against the wishes of Congress, continued for three years. The equivalent, in tons of bombs, of five Hiroshimas was dropped on once peaceful Cambodia: the greatest aerial bombardment ever. 'The Khmer Rouge', as Shawcross makes clear in *Sideshow*, 'were born out of the inferno . . .' The Khmer Rouge idealogues, such as they were, had modelled their revolution on the political vandalism of Mao's cultural revolution. They had no popular base among the Khmer people, who preferred the traditions of Buddhist harmony to upheaval, and their 'revolution' lacked an external catalyst. The 'inferno' of the Kissinger bombing provided that catalyst.

Today, the process begun by Kissinger is nearing completion. Between a million and a half and three million people died during the four years of Khmer Rouge terror, and the survivors now face the real prospect of their extinction. 'We have six months to save three million people, the majority of the population, from starvation and related diseases', said Jacques Beaumont. 'Six months is the maximum. Eighty-five per cent of the women have stopped menstruating, because they are malnourished and exhausted and, like everybody, they have not recovered from the trauma of the terror. So where is the next generation coming from?'

Cambodia will be the first 'expendable' nation to die, not because it cannot survive the killing of perhaps a third of its population, but because it cannot sustain the complementary effect: the denial of relief. It is interesting that those who have led this land to the edge of death share a particular style. They have taken their decisions to bomb and to refuse humanitarian help at great remove in distance and responsibility from the consequences of their obduracy; not for them the sight of an emaciated child spitting itself to death!

In 1977, Roger Morris, a former member of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children of Cambodia . . . waiting for help that doesn't come.

Eric Piper: Syndication International

Kissinger's National Security Council staff, wrote a book called *Uncertain Greatness*, in which he describes how the President's foreign policy advisers, the 'Wise Men', prepared the ground for the destruction of Indochina. 'Though they spoke of terrible human suffering', wrote Morris, 'reality was sealed off by their trite, lifeless vernacular: "capabilities", "objectives", "our chips", "giveaway". It was a matter, too, of culture and style. They spoke with the cool, deliberate detachment of men who believe that the banishment of feeling renders them wise and, more important, credible to other men.' Of Kissinger and Nixon, Morris wrote succinctly: 'They neither understood the foreign policy they were dealing with nor were moved deeply by the bloodshed and suffering they administered to their stereotypes'.

Give or take a few words, the same might be said of those politicians and foreign policy bureaucrats, notably our own, who now allow Cambodia to die. The United States, which sent its most lethal bombers over Cambodia, has not sent *one* relief plane. Europe, urged on by Mrs Thatcher, has cut off all food aid to Vietnam, Cambodia's *only* reliable source of food. The EEC's surplus food 'mountains' will be sold cheaply to the Russians, or they will remain intact. *Six* relief planes have landed at Phnom Penh in the ten months since the Khmer Rouge were routed by the Vietnamese. UNICEF and the International Committee of the Red Cross together have contributed modestly to several plane-loads, which, in terms of effective relief, is virtually nothing. Perhaps never before has there been such a unity of indifference toward a great human tragedy. The Theory of Expendability, it seems, has gained universal acceptance.

COMING BACK TO PHNOM PENH is dream-like. Twelve years ago, I flew across from wartime Saigon, exchanging venality and neurosis for doe-eyed charm. On Sundays the parade down Monivong Avenue was a joy: the parasols, the girls with jasmine astride Hondas, the saffron robes, the platoons of well-fed families, the ice cream barrows, the hustlers. You awoke at the Hotel Royale, switched on your radio and, in all probability, heard the squeaky, drama-queen voice of Prince Sihanouk berating a foreign reporter for producing yet another article about the financial excesses of the royal family. This happened to an American friend of mine who, later that day, was summoned to the royal palace and ordered to listen, in dutiful silence, to the Prince's Oscar Peterson collection: such was his 'punishment'. Such was Cambodia: feudal, corrupt, unpredictable, preposterous, prosperous and at peace in a cockpit of unending war.

Today, Phnom Penh is a dead place, except for groups of ragged, hungry people in peasant-black, who forage like crows in the parks, courtyards, offices, cinemas, filling stations. The majority are children and orphans. An eight-year-old confines himself to a wardrobe on its side, in the street; an emaciated infant drifts down the centre of the main thoroughfare, without an echo of its other days. With every monsoonal downpour the gutters are sluiced with money, which pours from the crushed National Bank. The Khmer Rouge, in their mania to eradicate anything and anyone linked to 'the dead age of greed and machines', sought out symbols. The National Library was converted to a pigsty and its volumes burned or thrown into the streets; all books and learning were 'illegal'. The medicine school was painted bright red and its equipment destroyed; modern medicine was 'banned'. A 19th century Gothic cathedral, which stood at the city centre, was *erased*; not a stone remains. Pagodas were pulverised, as if by a demolition squad; all religion, decreed the constitution of Democratic Kampuchea, was 'detrimental and therefore wrong'.

On 17 April 1975, the day the Khmer Rouge entered the capital, car owners were ordered to throw away their ignition keys and push their cars to a dump on the edge of the city. It is a Luddites' shrine, a cemetery of machines: cars, ambulances, fire engines, typewriters, generators, television sets. There is a separate pile of burned telephones; all modern communications, including post, were 'illegal'. Great shade trees, planted by the French, were cut down for no apparent reason. Any structure of brick or stone was condemned as belonging to 'the dead age'. In Kompong Thom province 180 schools were destroyed; *two* remain intact.

Outside Phnom Penh, in 'regroupment centres', people wait patiently to enter the city. Among them, former residents are hard to find; some two and a half million people were ordered out of the city at gunpoint on that April day and most of them are said to be 'missing'. Middle class people, professional people and skilled workers are rare; 48 doctors remain out of 550. At the last census there were 11,000 university students; there are now 450. Out of 106,000 secondary school children, 5,300 have been found. The killing appears to have been most widespread among children of primary school age. Out of 991,000 children, 322,379 survive.

Of course, the numbers of survivors will grow as people lose their fear of 'coming forward', which invariably meant death under the Khmer Rouge. Hark Sarinn, a former teacher who now helps to run an orphanage, went recently into the regroupment camps with a tannoy. 'Who is a teacher? Who is a

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"The discovery of a wine that is always excellent is one of life's lasting satisfactions."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE

RED & WHITE VIN DE TABLE

BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE

For once, don't worry about the wine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water engineer?' he asked. 'Don't be frightened . . . you are needed.' There was silence. In one day three young men, vibrating with fear, revealed for the first time in four and a half years that they were university students. Our camera seemed to help restore confidence. Those who shook their heads when our interpreter asked if they spoke any English or French would wait, then let a few words tumble out; knowledge of a foreign language, they told us, meant executions.

A young woman told me in French how sixteen members of her family had been executed in one day: 'They were declared to be unproductive', she said. 'They were killed with tree branches and their throats were slit . . . one by one. My baby was left in the heat while I was forced to husk the rice. When I came back he was dead.' She said this, and much more, without emotion, as if her grief and shock were incubated forever. Sorrow was regarded as implied criticism of the 'Angkar' – the unseen 'organisation', whose 'wisdom' guided the 'purified and glorious Khmer society'. In a society such as Cambodia's, the extended family forms the fabric of the nation and, with almost every family now decimated, the nation itself has unravelled. To watch the expressions of relatives searching at a mass grave, near the temples of Angkor Wat, kneeling beside hundreds of skulls and bones, is to watch the mental collapse of a whole section of humanity. And they ask only for food.

IN JULY, MOST of the senior tier of the US State Department gave evidence before a Senate hearing on Indochina refugees. The Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, agreed that Cambodia faced 'a very grave famine'. The *Washington Post* reported

> The United States has been frustrated in its efforts to work through international organisations and other governments to head off potential starvation, according to State Department witnesses. The United States is prohibited by law from aiding Cambodia directly . . .
>
> (The officials said) the International Committee of the Red Cross reportedly was told by the Phnom Penh authorities that no food is needed, but Red Cross officials are in the Cambodian capital now for further discussions.
>
> Dick Clark, the State Department's refugee coordinator told Senator Kennedy that the United States is prepared to work with 'any qualified international group' to head off famine in Cambodia.

There must be few examples of official deception as blatant as the above. *No* American humanitarian aid has reached Cambodia for two reasons: none has been offered and the International Committee of the Red Cross and UNICEF – the two 'qualified international groups', through which the United States and other Western countries' governments usually send aid to regimes they do not recognise – have made no move to mount a substantial relief programme. The Phnom Penh Government appealed for relief at the beginning of July and a written request for 100,000 tons of rice, 15,000 tons of sugar and 8,000 tons of butter oil, as well as medical supplies, was handed to three ICRC officials. Two months have since passed, countless thousands have died needlessly.

A senior British relief agency official told me last week, 'The ICRC and UNICEF are fully aware of how urgent the situation is. They have worked out a joint plan to send 700 tons of relief a week and, with luck, this may begin on 29 September. Both have been blocked by politics. The Pol Pot regime is still recognised by the General Assembly and UNICEF has become ensnarled in the anti-Vietnam campaign. The ICRC may protest its neutrality, but it has become susceptible to pressure, mostly from Washington, not to rush into Cambodia as this may well lead to de facto recognition of the Heng Sarin government and blow away the notion of Vietnam as "aggressor" and the main obstacle to getting relief in. The ICRC also wants a foothold in China, and China is Pol Pot's most powerful ally. It is a nasty, messy business.'

The ICRC's denial of aid to Cambodia was borne out by a rather melodramatic meeting I had with one of its representatives in Phnom Penh. During my interview with Jacques Beaumont, I asked him why UNICEF had done so little. At this, he marched away from the camera and led the director, David Munro, and me to a distraught Red Cross man. '*He* will explain', said Beaumont. The Red Cross man asked me if I, being Australian, had contacts in the Australian Government who might arrange the despatch of a Hercules C-130 cargo plane. 'With transport, food and drugs', he said, 'one of these planes would save thousands of lives *now*.' I asked why the ICRC itself did not approach the Australian Government. 'I am desperate,' he said, 'People are dying around us. They can't wait for the politics to be ironed out.'

ANOTHER LETHAL MYTH, propagated by the State Department and by the Foreign Office, is that the Vietnamese are preventing aid reaching Cambodia, Jim Howard, a veteran Oxfam official who recently returned from Cambodia, told me, 'The Vietnamese gave me total co-operation. They offered transport, even pilots. I am going to Bangkok this week to hire a ship. The real obstacle is getting governments to join us. Those people out there *can* be saved, but only governments can do it. One tanker with 100,000 tons of rice would feed everybody for two months.'

Perversely, Cambodia is a relief agency's dream come true. There are few bureaucrats to 'interfere', because few have been found alive. The Ministry of Health consists of a Minister, his deputy, an interpreter and an old Renault. The DC-8 charter that brought Jim Howard flew directly to Phnom Penh and landed, unannounced, at 11 in the morning. By four o'clock that afternoon its cargo of antibiotics and milk was being given to the children.

In Phnom Penh I asked the Vietnamese Ambassador, Vo Doan Giang, what his and the Cambodian government's attitude was to relief from the West. He replied, '*Any* relief can come without *any* conditions.' 'Are you sure?' I asked. 'No conditions', he repeated. 'Do we want this country to die?' I pressed this point again in Hanoi with Vietnam's Foreign Minister, Nguyen Co Thach. 'We welcome *all* humanitarian aid', he said. 'At present we have to share one grain of salt between two poor peoples. We don't have two grains of salt, and we ourselves have a famine coming! The burden of sick Cambodia and Vietnam is enormous and senior Vietnamese officials say privately that, if only the West (that is, America) would help both countries and persuade China to stop its war dance, the Vietnamese army will go home.

Up to last month, Vietnam had sent to Cambodia 10,000 tons of rice seed, 20,000 tons of rice, 9,000 tons of fuel and 5,000 tons of consumer goods, such as condensed milk. The Vietnamese have managed to divide that 'one grain of salt' by coupling their provinces with provinces in Cambodia. For example, Kompong Speu has been 'adopted' by Cuu Long province, where every Vietnamese family is being asked to contribute three kilogrammes of rice. At the hospital at Kompong Speu, we happened on a line of several hundred people receiving rice that had just arrived from Saigon. According to a nurse at this hospital, the International Red Cross has given 'some instruments, which are very useful . . . that's all.'

Britain, whose Prime Minister has been especially shrill on South East Asian affairs this year, is sending *nothing* to Cambodia. Some £425,000 has been promised as part of an EEC development grant to the United Nations High Commissioner on Refugees, and this will go to refugees. Mrs Thatcher has suspended all food relief aid to Vietnam, Cambodia's *only* life-line.

The British Minister for 'overseas aid' is now directly responsible to the Foreign Office. His name is Neil Martin and when an *Oxford Mail* reporter telephoned him last week following my reports in the *Daily Mirror*, he said this: 'The Government will be helping through the International Red Cross. One of the objections (to giving aid to Cambodia) is that the Vietnamese are preventing it from getting in and their inability to get it distributed. The Red Cross is doing what they can, but they don't seem to be getting much help through. Anyway, the situation in Cambodia is all Vietnam's fault!' What is important about the Minister's statement is that almost all of it is untrue.

In the suburbs of Phnom Penh there is an extermination centre where the Khmer Rouge tortured and killed 12,000 people. Like the Nazis, they photographed their victims before and after they hanged them, slit their throats, drowned them, beat them to death and electrocuted them. Like at Auschwitz, there is a room filled with clothes, many of them children's. The Khmer Rouge were the most thorough mass murderers since Hitler.

Perhaps it is shameful enough that Britain still recognises the defunct Khmer Rouge 'government'. That the British and other governments should deny humanitarian aid to the survivors, who are starving, diminishes us all. As I have mentioned, they are mostly children.

John Pilger is a special writer on the Daily Mirror.

ICA

ICA CINEMA – Chilean Season

THE SPIRAL
"the most rigorous and honest account of the Chilean coup". *Time Out* to 3 October

THE BATTLE OF CHILE Pt 2
22 September 4.15 p.m.
ICA TALKS
THIRD WORLD
Perception/Image/Experience
27 September 7.30 p.m.
The Role of Technology:
Appropriate Tools for Change?
4 October 7.30 p.m.
Eritrea: Aspects of Self-Determination
11 October 7.30 p.m.
The Role of Technology:
Will Chips Fry the Third World?
19 October 7.30 p.m.
Russia As A Developing Society
Further details 01-930 3647
ICA, THE MALL, LONDON SW1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION School meals on the skids

THE GOVERNMENT HAS confirmed that it intends to end the statutory school meals service and restrict substantially the free meals arrangements for children from low-income families. Plans to cut the cost to the Government of the school meals service by £200 million were confirmed this week by NUPE-sponsored MP Reg Race after discussions with senior civil servants at the Department of Education.

Government proposals include an end to all free school milk (even for handicapped children), and the right for local authorities to charge children for the use of a room in which they can eat the snacks they themselves bring to school. School meals that are provided by local authorities are likely to be of a lower nutritional value and will cost families considerably more – at least 55p per meal.

Revised arrangements for free school meals have yet to be finalised. Three schemes are under discussion at the Department of Education – leaving it up to the local authorities to decide whether to provide any free meals, or as an alternative give out cash grants; retain a statutory obligation on authorities to provide a free meal or a cash grant in certain limited circumstances; or turn over responsibility for free school meals to the Department of Health and Social Security, which would base eligibility on whether a family claimed family income supplement or supplementary benefit. This would effectively cut out a large number of low-income families now entitled to free school meals but who are not claiming these welfare benefits. Forty per cent fewer children would get a free meal. Indications are that civil servants within the Department of Education would prefer there to be little or no change in the current arrangements. Not so much from a humanitarian aspect but because of the massive amount of work that would be involved in reorganising the service.

The National Union of Public Employees (NUPE) is now engaged in a campaign to retain and even extend the 'traditional' school meals service, phase out the use of frozen and convenience foods, prevent children bringing sandwiches to school (nearly a million do so compared with the five million children who have a school meal), and abolish tuckshops. A third of the 300,000 women employed in the school meals service are NUPE members. The union sees the campaign as part of its work to improve the pay, conditions and levels of staffing for its members now in the service. It is regarded as a vital source of employment for women from low-income families who need the extra pay to make ends meet.

**Recipe for action: NUPE's report on staffing and conditions in the school meals service*, 20p from Civic House, Aberdeen Terrace, London SE3 0QY.

Catholic roulette

THE SUSPENSION OF Charles Mungo from the headship of Cardinal Manning Roman Catholic comprehensive school in West London raises some crucial questions about the relationships between local education authorities and religious schools. It also raises a few about the competence and sensitivity of Cardinal Manning governors.

Mr Mungo, a Catholic himself, had been appointed last spring and suspended two days before he was due to take up his post this month, when the governors 'discovered' he was divorced and had recently remarried. On his application form, Mungo had replied simply and truthfully 'yes' to the question 'Are you married?'. No further questions were asked of him in this area of his life.

Since Cardinal Manning is one of the six special agreement voluntary schools in London, the appointment had to be confirmed by the Inner London Education Authority's headteachers appointments panel. Most voluntary schools (which have aided status) have the exclusive right to hire and fire. Ironically, the chairman of the ILEA panel for Charles Mungo's appointment was a senior member of the Catholic church hierarchy.

Official guidance from the Catholic authorities to governors includes the statement that they should not be neglectful to inquire carefully into a candidate's suitability and assure themselves of the personal convictions and practice of the candidate – to check out not only someone's fitness and competence as a head but also as a giver of religious instruction according to Catholic doctrine.

Mr Mungo, who has now applied for an annulment of his first marriage, may have been a little foolish in not going into more detail in his application. But the governors, by their own standards, were less than diligent – and are now less than charitable. Mr Mungo is the sufferer.

The legality of the *suspension* is not in doubt. But the governors must now confirm or withdraw the suspension at a second meeting at least two weeks after the original suspension meeting. If confirmed, they must apply to ILEA for his dismissal on a matter of discipline – misconduct or any other urgent cause.

Neither ILEA nor, originally, the governors doubted Mr Mungo's fitness and competence as a head. It is hard to see how ILEA can agree to the dismissal on any grounds – let alone disciplinary ones. There has been no misconduct. Mr Mungo has performed well in his previous posts. ILEA must either reject the governors' request or agree to a hole-in-the-corner compromise that will reflect the uneasy relationship that ILEA has with London's powerful, and often bullying, religious schools.

Rick Rogers

Punch

GOES INTO BUSINESS

A free perk of extra pages on business is inside PUNCH this week:

With **ALAN COREN, SHEILA BLACK, WILLIAM DAVIS, LORD CHALFONT, PAUL JENNINGS, HONEYSETT, DAVID TAYLOR** and **JONATHAN SALE** stripping bare such assets as The Small Businessman's History of Britain, how to put a price on business extras, a translation of the latest moneymen's jargon and a swoop on the tax-dodgers . . .

PLUS Punch's regular features and more cartoons— all for an outlay of 30p

WIPE THAT SMILE ON YOUR FACE! PUNCH IS OUT NOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The endless quest for Supermole

BRUCE PAGE on the world of George Smiley: do fictional versions of the real-life Philby espionage scandal provide a comfortable mythology for our battered Establishment?

Real-life mole: Kim Philby after Macmillan 'cleared' him AP

ONE MUST GO BACK to Robin Hood to find a legend as potent as that of the double-spy Kim Philby. Not only is *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* – the BBC's current blockbuster – an example of Philbiana: it is just the latest in a sequence of costly artefacts. Last year Granada exhibited a feature-length dramatisation of the Philby case, using real names. Arthur Hopcraft, scriptwriter to *TTSS*, has written a Philby movie. Last year in the West End Alec Guinness – who plays Smiley the Philby-catcher in *TTSS* – played the Philby-figure in Alan Bennett's *The Old Country*, one of those plays which ran and ran. 'Smiley', who shares a good many characteristics with Maurice Oldfield, the ex-head of the real secret service – if 'real' is the word I want – received a fairly straight-faced profile from Hopcraft in the *Observer* magazine. Rarely does any time pass without a book or a newspaper article on some aspect of the activities of Philby and his colleague-moles Burgess and Maclean: they range from fantasies with walk-on parts for actual people, like Alan Williams' *Gentleman Traitor*, to straight paranoid lunacies like Richard Deacon's *The British Connection*, which alleges that anyone left of Denis Thatcher (and known to be dead) must have been in the whole plot along with Philby & Co. Not so long before it went off the air *The Times* engaged in the hypnotic pastime of 'naming the Fourth Man', caused a hideous Establishment row by smearing a defunct Cambridge don as the ace-recruiter for Moscow.

And Philbiana is merely the most active division of a huge literary manufacture – Le Carré, Fleming, Deighton and Graham Greene seem to have more imitators every week. It is principally a British obsession, but we have managed to involve the rest of the world, just as we did earlier with soccer, tennis and detective-stories. America has its own practitioners, like Charles McCarry, of the spy story as moral passion, and Le Carré's revenues are swollen by foreigners earnestly puzzling over his accounts of rain-sodden prep-schools and Whitehall bunfights (which must be as remote from their own lives as Ilium is from Knightsbridge).

As one of those responsible for launching the Philbiana industry, I grow steadily more amazed at its development. (Perhaps Philby, the original patentee, exiled in Moscow, wonders even more.) In 1967, with two other reporters, David Leitch and Phillip Knightley, I wrote a *Sunday Times* serial and a book[1], which revealed that H.A.R. 'Kim' Philby, a journalist who had once worked for 'the Foreign Office' and been suspected of acting as tip-off man for Burgess and Maclean, had been all along a Communist super-spy. When appointed head of MI6's anti-Soviet section, he was already in the Soviet service. Having turned that outfit into a 'negative asset' for Britain, he went on to penetrate (as MI6's link-man) the CIA, thus nullifying much of that agency's work in the Cold War years. Though clothed, mannered and affiliated in every proper way (Westminster, Trinity, Athenaeum) Philby was a life-long mole: a technician of betrayal. This is a phenomenon of infinite fascination to the British population, or anyway to that section of it which deals in books, plays, movies and television.

WE THOUGHT at the time that this tale of Communist penetration into the Establishment was a good, even significant one. (There is a fine retrospective irony in that the man who tried hardest to suppress our enterprise was today's Red-hunter Lord Chalfont, then a political flunkey at the Foreign Office.) It was, nonetheless, something to deal with and move on from: its drama was based on a di-polar, Manichean geopolitics (Russkies black, Anglo-Americans white) which was fraying then and now is less than threadbare. But I notice that in Le Carré's latest, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, successor to *TTSS*, this vision is still not replaced by the complex, multi-faceted world which is found in the work of our best contemporary reporters. The dualistic system is modified only by the grafting-in of a third, Chinese element.

Le Carré, already celebrated for *The Spy Who Came In From The Cold*, wrote an introduction to our book which we received gratefully, but with some puzzlement. That he took it seriously, and considered it (so far as it went) authentic seemed important, for we all knew that he had been a professional. But it was odd that he should call the work 'a Marxian novel' – neither the adjective nor the noun was appropriate – and I at least was thrown by some of the elaborations he perceived. 'Like a great novel', he wrote, 'and an unfinished one at that, the story of Kim Philby lives on in us: it conveys not merely a sense of participation, but of authorship.'

Le Carré, then, has been working ever since on its completion, followed by the Williamses and Bennetts of lesser fame. Le Carré's efforts now incorporate one of the greatest of our actors (Guinness), the director thought by many to be the best of his generation (John Irvin of *Hard Times*) and other talents scarcely less significant. The BBC and the Secret Service are among the most famous of our mythological institutions: the veteran of one has engaged the other in a vast public examination of its spectacular failure.

For many viewers the images may be no more than a pleasant exit from a world of travail and inflation – a subtler version of the commodity offered in *Moonraker* or *Superman*. But Le Carré's own seriousness seems beyond doubt: he can discuss his own work in a context which includes Balzac, and critical opinion doesn't dissent (he is placed by the *Financial Times* 'above most novelists now practising').

Fair enough: even if it was my colleagues and I who broke the news, the story perhaps was Le Carré's property more than it was ours. But the curiosity is that he and so many others should still be riveted, transfixed, astounded by the fact that the upper-middle classes of the United Kingdom are capable of betraying the interests of the community they purport to serve. How odd a slant on matters: will a cat chase mice?

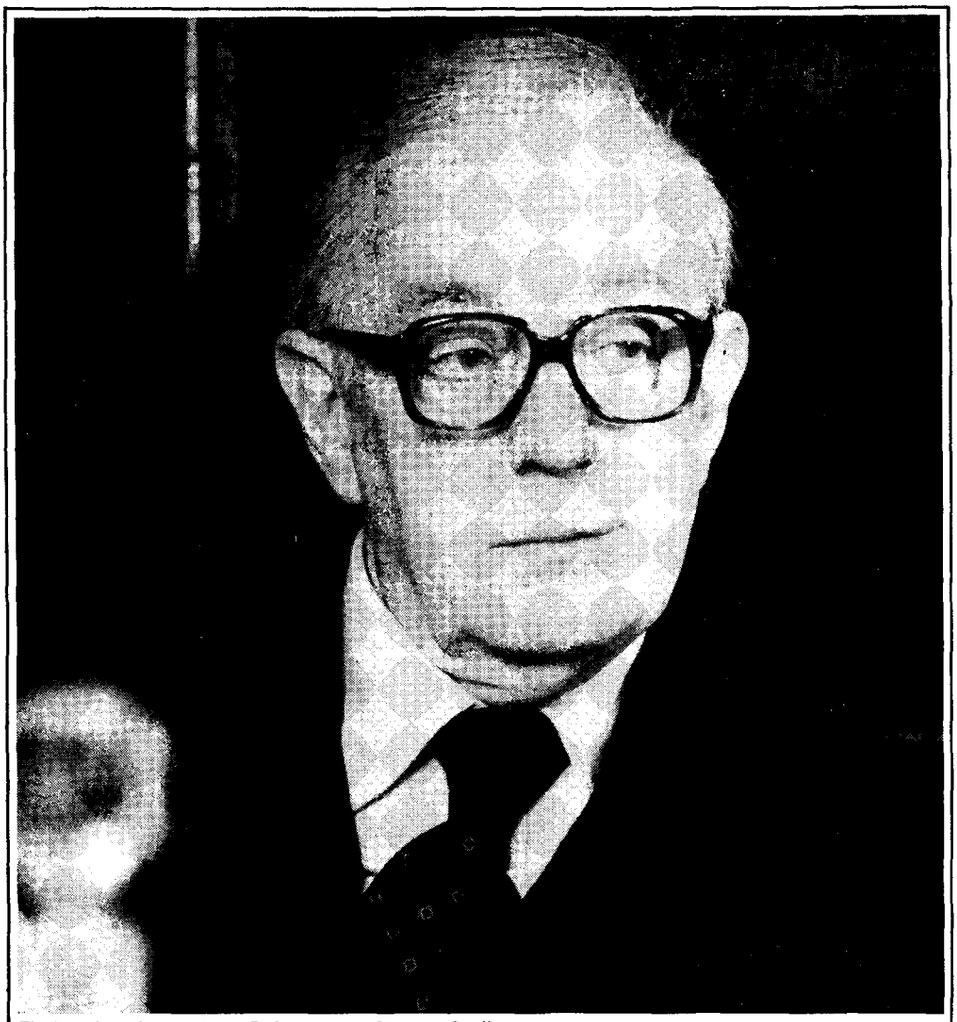
THE REMARKABLE feature of our recent history is not that the ruling orders were often treacherous, but rather that in particular crises significant numbers of them were not. In the years before the war, it seemed plausible that far too many of them were ready to look with favour on fascism. Such fears, indeed, assisted Philby on his way: there were social democrats like Hugh Gaitskell, and anti-Fascist Tories like Hugh Trevor-Roper who knew about Philby's Communist youth. But in the years before 1941 the fears which exercised people of such persuasions concerned the influence of the barking right in Britain's ruling circles, and especially in the ranks of the secret world. No one whose commitment was to democracy felt that the proximate threat to Britain came from the left just then – and given a retrospective nuance or two, their judgment was surely sound. [2]

One cannot account for the vitality of the Philby legend by saying that Philby was unique. Rather, he was the practitioner of some quintessentially British art – the profession of treachery. And at the level of detail, this is certainly what the Le Carré canon is about: techniques of subversion, betrayal, blackmail, concealment of motive and misdirection of affection. 'Tradecraft' is the name lovingly

1. *Philby, the spy who betrayed a generation.* Deutsch, Penguin, Sphere.

2. Lord Trevor-Roper, like many other academics, was a wartime officer of the Secret Intelligence Service, and worked closely for some time with Philby. Hugh Gaitskell, of course, was a senior politician when in 1956 he heard Macmillan defending Philby against allegations of disloyalty. If Gaitskell by then remembered his knowledge of Philby's early Communist connections, it would probably have struck him as McCarthyism even to dwell on the implications.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fictional mole-catcher: Guinness as George Smiley

BBC

applied to them: Deighton, Fleming and a score of lesser writers exhibit the same fasination with technique.

Here surely, the whole genre – even if authentic – must be entirely unrealistic. No system for the gathering of information could function usefully if it devoted so much energy as Le Carré's 'Circus' does to the business of false-nosery and fakology: there would not be enough time left in the day. Of course, the real Secret Service may dwell in a dream-world of spookology: there is some reason to think it does. But nothing in Le Carré's text suggests that he is acting as a satirist, like Graham Greene in *Our Man in Havana*.

There is, of course, a debt to Greene: stylistically if nothing else, for Le Carré is perfectly in the tradition of the sordid setting lushly described. And Greene, who was Philby's professional colleague, friend, commentator and (within limits) defender, is one of the writers in whose person the connections between secret-service and literature is firmly and obviously established.

Before Greene there were spy-writers who were admired and consumed such as John Buchan and Erskine Childers – both *The Thirty Nine Steps* and *The Riddle of the Sands* have had recent cinematic revivals – but for whose literary performance it was always necessary to make one or two excuses. (Not that sufficient excuse could ever be found for the half-carpentered plots though which Hannay and Carruthers crash their uncomprehending way.) Greene, however, requires no literary apologies.

Pictorial espionage, people commonly assume, must be quite unlike actual espionage. But the truth is that it's often written by people who, like Le Carré, had first-hand experience of the real thing – more often, I would guess, than novels about ironmasters were written by people with real experience of manufacturing. Buchan performed confidential intelligence services for Douglas Haig; Childers was drawn into naval intelligence; Dennis Wheatley in the Second World War toiled at secret assignments for the Cabinet Office; while Graham Greene (under Philby and alongside Malcolm Muggeridge) ran MI6 networks and Ian Fleming worked in naval intelligence.

WHAT IS COMMON to all these writers is that their grasp of reality is inconsistent. In Greene's case at least, this is not for lack of intellectual capacity: it is rather that he is concerned much of the time with dreams and interior imaginings, rather than with the world of empirical detail. In his autobiography, *A Sort of Life*, we find Greene wandering benignly through the General Strike as a kind of social occasion: the book ends with an opium reverie, and between times we find him discussing the possibility that he may have achieved second-sight in dreams. The temperament is a fascinating one but it's not the most obvious one to seek if you're trying to run a system for gathering operational intelligence about the real, contingent world. Compared to the insanities of a Fleming, you would at least gain some useful insights – even, perhaps, a prophetic warning as in *The Quiet American*. But most of the time you would be up against the problem that Greene's imagination happens to be otherwise engaged.

Beyond this, what is one to make of a naval-intelligence system which values the insights of the grotesque German invasion plan in *The Riddle of the Sands*, or a general who takes the inventor of the 'Black Stone' seriously? (Poor Buchan, when he tried to write a history of Bonnie Dundee, got so many elementary points wrong that the whole book had to be re-done.) Could there be some connection here with the intelligence snarl-ups before Jutland, and the bloody fantasies of the Western Front?

In Wheatley and Fleming we have minds where the engagement with reality is non-existent, rather than deficient. Yet the world of Bond seems to be prefigured in Fleming's wartime suggestion for monitoring Occupied France: a great concrete box would be sunk privily in the Channel, within which men would live and study the Germans through telescopes . . . One might not make so much of this were it not for the fact that so many antics of our secret services, when they do cataclysmically surface, seem to come straight out of the imagination of a crack-brained thriller writer. What other sort of person could have sent boozy Old Buster Crabbe to fiddle with the bottom of the *Ordzhonikidze*? Who ever could have scripted the Littlejohn affair, or the recent performance over Stephen Marks which the NEW STATESMAN reported?

IN THE SECRET WORLD, if nowhere else, life seems to imitate melodramatic art; the KGB does devote vast ingenuity to poison-needle killings; the CIA does plan to clobber Castro with exploding cigars. Secret services provide, apparently, natural ambiences for romantics and myth-makers, and the greatest of all their artefacts – the matter of *Tinker, Tailor etc* – is the Myth of the Mole. (Le Carré's version is even a simple one compared to some of the ideas elaborated lately by members and ex-members of the CIA, in

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"A change may well be as good as a rest but a changeable wine gives the host no peace of mind."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE

RED & WHITE VIN DE TABLE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE

For once, don't worry about the wine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which moles, counter-moles, super-moles and hyper-moles compete with each other into infinite regressions of betrayal.)

No doubt the mechanism of treachery and identification is a master of legitimate interest, even fascination. Life, whether considered biochemically or socially, is a matter of discriminating: this is food, this is poison; this is a friend, this a neutral, that an enemy. Nor is it hard to see that many of the most alarming dangers come not from things whose deadliness is obvious (fire, height, or uniformed enemies) but from those which most closely resemble others which are harmless, or vitally necessary. Danger is greatest when the difference is least apparent: biochemically, nothing endangers an organism more than the encounter with an anti-metabolite, 'a chemical substance sufficiently like a given metabolite to take part in some of its reactions, but sufficiently unlike to take part in others. Hence it can become involved in a metabolic system, but blocks it at some stage.' Before biochemistry, all this was embedded in fairy tales, in the Lamia legend: truth, said Donne, is almost error's twin, and it's legitimate to be unnerved by enemies which destroy by ambiguity rather than force.

But why do the British literate classes exhibit such a boundless appetite for seeing the drama re-played over and over at so minimal a level of cape-work? For Philby was not, any more than his fictional or semi-fictional surrogates, all that fearsome an opponent, or all that subtle an anti-metabolite.

Perhaps, when we wrote what John Le Carré called our 'novel' we should have been plainer about this. And to be honest, the professional deformation of the journalist may be partly to blame – few of us are inclined to minimise the stories we have to tell. And of course the fact that the head of MI6's anti-Soviet section was himself a Soviet agent must be a good tale: along with Philby's protection of Maclean (the passer of atomic information) and his penetration of the CIA.

Perhaps we should have spent more time than we did making clear that the 'anti-Soviet section' was a rattletrap outfit: full of implausible thoughts about uprisings in Eastern Europe: that the atom spies merely hastened the collapse of an enterprise scarcely less futile than trying to make secret the discovery of the wheel: and that in an outfit as constitutionally barmy as the CIA, the presence of a Soviet spy in its upper levels was just one more dollop of bat's blood in the cauldron.

We did, of course, point out that Philby had been a known, active Communist before the war. He had then painted himself with a light layer of pro-facism (Spanish Civil War), after which he avoided like the plague any discussion of politics or ideology. He was sloshed a lot of the time, and had trouble managing stable sexual relationships. In 1945 he took control of an operation in which a would-be Soviet defector offered to come across with information about Soviet penetration agents inside MI6: Philby made a grotesque balls-up of the case, and the defector got rubbed out. Moles like that ought to get made into waistcoats fairly early on, if the gardener knows his business.

ANTI-METABOLITES are dangerous, to be sure. But they have their problems, too: they cannot be infinitely polymorphous, like the beastie in *Alien*, or like the Terrorist International which in some newspaper imaginations manifests itself indifferently as the IRA, the Palestinians, Colonel Gaddafi or the Cuban Army. Chemical entities require energy, which is not limitlessly available, for any transformations they undergo, and similar rules apply to political entities. Some energy is consumed in becoming an Irish nationalist or an Arab socialist or a Soviet Marxist, and still more in being one while pretending to be another. You have to assume evil to be formidably creative to think it can make a go of any political form it fancies: and however little Christianity we retain, it's worth holding onto the warning that admitting the fertility of evil leads straight into the American, dualistic nightmare.

Somewhere, a 'rotten apple' BBC

There is certainly a Manichean feel about Le Carré's world. 'Moscow Centre' and its director Karla are unwinkingly skilful, inexhaustible in devices of wickedness, and Le Carré does convey the icy horror of feeling that some, or all of the people around one might be the puppets of such deviltry. 'They'll have us strangling our own children in our beds', mutters Smiley, distraught.

But the old lad's mole-hunting technique could scarcely be more ill-suited to the problem. His motto: 'Learn the facts, then try on the stories like clothes'. Given a finite set of facts in a situation of even modest complexity, any tolerably fevered imagination can devise whole wardrobes-full of horror: the analogy is with the paranoids who 'prove' that Francis Bacon wrote *Hamlet*.

Yet this is no doubt authentic. The belief that 'facts' can be elaborated in the absence of theory, which is something that can conveniently be applied later, is deeply engrained in Whitehall. And in the secret world, compartmentalised on 'need-to-know' principles, it may be especially strong. Precepts without concepts are blind, said Kant – but he probably had a deficient sense of security.

Dressing-up various characters as the 'Fourth Man' who supposedly recruited Philby & Co has long been a popular Whitehall sport; though played little in public because of the libel laws. Whoever he was, wrote Le Carré twelve years ago, he

> understood us better than we do ourselves . . . Today, if he exists, he may be walking the streets of London.

The Times tried to appoint a (conveniently dead) Cambridge don to the role, and had to retire in confusion. Le Carré has now filled it with the malignant, unfathomable 'Karla'.

Presumably the attraction of this line of thought – of the whole mole mythology – is that if the Ultimate Man could somehow be rooted out, then no further action need be contemplated. A good deal of recent history could be lightly repainted, and the boobies who guided British post-war policy could be re-evaluated as genuises labouring against unseen handicaps. The Way We Do Things would look not so bad after all; it was just one thing that went wrong, nothing systematic.

One could approach the matter with a rather more general concept: roughly, that the British ruling orders are a very limited set of fellows, modestly competent in the minor arts of bureaucracy and manipulation, but with a deficient grasp of intellectual method, and a tendency to be shaky on loyalty of any kind. Philby, in this concept, appears as just one of many betrayers – though slightly eccentric in his choice of beneficiary.

It is – to give one example – the reality of the Bingham Report on sanctions-busting which is smoothly obscured by the Lone Mole mythology. Anyone familiar with it would smile wryly at the shock with which Le Carré's Circus chieftain declares that 'there's a rotten apple somewhere'. *One* rotten apple – *one* Soviet mole? If you're going to use that language, the whole upper echelon of British society has been riddled for years with American moles, South African moles, oil company moles, IMF moles, moles working for the Shah of Iran – and more of them digging their snouts in every day.

To push the concept a little further; if you run national affairs as a game of bureaucratic privilege, behind hedges of secrecy and insiderism, on the proposition that a capacity to re-write reality is the path to promotion (and, for instance, the idea that the Shah would survive, or that the internal settlement would stick in Zimbabwe could only be proposed by second-rate scriptwriters); the miracle is that the whole thing (Secret Service, Foreign Office, Treasury, White Fish Authority) isn't ten times worse than it is.

ASIDE FROM Whitehall's deficiencies, 'moles' are bound to proliferate in the rich, complex earth of industrial societies. And that makes it all the easier to start 'strangling our own children in their beds'. No doubt those who betray policies should be punished, where they can be caught. But a society's security, insofar as it can be established, derives not from molehunting tradecraft: but from the overall, developing conception it has of itself. 'Loyalty', in the world which Philby inhabited, and which Le Carré mythologises, was a concept so vague and general as to mean anything, or nothing. It comes down in the end to a few mannerisms and a few affiliations of school and clubland. Of all conceivable impostures, it must be about the least demanding in political and emotional energy. And the beauty of it is that this one simple anti-metabolite can be deployed against some crucial part of the British metabolism. If, of course, we had a more complex pattern of leadership, reflecting the actual diversity of our society, then the potentialities of the Lone Mole would decrease to vanishing-point. Meanwhile, he tunnels away through the only world where fact and fiction are not so much linked, as simply different versions of each other.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFRICA
Richard Carver and Brian Slocock

What will happen to Angola and Mozambique after Neto?

The slow revolutions

FEW GUESSED Agostinho Neto's secret – least of all the Western press with its tortuous explanations of the diplomatic motives behind the Angolan President's frequent trips to Moscow. The real reason was that Neto was dying. Neto himself was probably unaware of the full implications of his illness. Certainly he groomed no obvious successor and his recent reforms in the political structure will only make the transition more difficult. Only last December Neto abolished the posts of prime minister and deputy prime minister, assuming greater executive power for himself as president. Prime Minister Lopo do Nascimento, until then one of the likely successors, was removed to a third rank posting.

Nevertheless, a large measure of continuity will be guaranteed by the survival of Lucio Lara, a long-time comrade of Neto's and generally regarded as his *eminence grise*. Neto's prestige as head of state combined with Lara's hold on the party to concentrate power in a few hands. Lara is too accustomed to the shadows to be a likely presidential candidate (the interim nominee José Eduardo dos Santos is more probable) but he has the power to offer or withhold party backing for the new president.

Neto is the last of the three pre-eminent nationalist leaders in the Portuguese colonies to die an untimely death. Amilcar Cabral of Guinea-Bissau and Eduardo Mondlane of Mozambique died at the hands of the Portuguese secret police. This is perhaps a good moment to assess the progress of Angola and Mozambique towards their socialist goals.

Certainly this has been far removed from the conventional picture of an Africa crawling with bearded Cubans and grim-faced Soviet advisers. Economic help from the Eastern bloc has been minimal. The Soviet Union simply does not give disinterested aid. For example, Eastern European countries are low on the list of contributors to the UN aid programme for Mozambique. They are happy enough to lend out technicians to a fairly catholic selection of 'progressive' countries, but economic partnership is on a strictly business basis. The Angolans discovered the implications of this when they called in the Russians and Cubans to help them develop their fishing industry. Three years of 'socialist co-operation' have left Angolan fish stocks plundered, with the regime now approaching the EEC for help in fish conservation.

On the level of international relations, then, the picture is increasingly one of conventional Third World regimes. Guinea-Bissau is an associate member of the EEC through the Lomé Convention and is seeking membership of the Franco-African summit. Portugal has 'most favoured nation' status in trade with São Tome and Principe and is still a major partner with the other colonies. Angola also seeks EEC affiliation and is conducting a concerted diplomatic offensive towards Portugal.

Neto and Angola faced the most difficult post-colonial situation. The white colonists who maintained a stranglehold on the country's economic activity had fled with their capital. And the MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) had to fight a bitter civil war against the Western-backed movements as well as having to repel a South African invasion. Yet Angola's natural advantages placed it in a far stronger position than the other former colonies to dictate its own developmental path, with large deposits of oil, diamonds and iron ore and a healthy agricultural sector producing cotton, coffee, sisal and sugar for export. As elsewhere Portuguese firms were quickly nationalised – though only by virtue of having been abandoned. This mainly affected agriculture and fisheries – though the major fish cannery remained in private American hands.

Trade and transport has by and large been nationalised but here too there are anomalies. The Benguela Railway, which carries Zairean copper to the coast and on which many communities are dependent, remains in private hands, with the majority stake held by the South African Oppenheimer group. Elsewhere in the economy there is the same pattern of nationalisation directed exclusively at Portuguese firms – in the manufacturing sector for example, where every effort is being made to attract West European investment.

But the real index of the MPLA's economic intentions is in the mineral sector. Again the Portuguese share of Diamang, the diamond corporation, was taken over but South African and European capital remains unhindered. In oil the government has not only left the multinationals untouched but is out to attract more. Old hands such as Gulf and Petrofina keep their drilling rights and there has been a constant stream of Western oil executives to Luanda in recent months to discuss new exploration.

FRELIMO, MOZAMBIQUE'S single nationalist movement, benefited from a relatively smooth transition. However, the situation it inherited on independence was far more difficult. Mozambique lacks the mineral wealth of Angola. Its principal economic asset is its geographic location astride the pathway from the coast to the industrial and mining complex of South Africa's Rand and the settler farming zone of Southern Rhodesia. From the turn of the century the Portuguese developed Mozambique's economy as a service appendage to the centres of white power. This was formally enshrined in the Mozambique Convention of 1909, which provided for the passage of nearly half the Rand's imports through the port of Lourenco Marques (now Maputo) in exchange for the free recruitment of South African mine labour in Mozambique. For seven decades the invisible earnings of Mozambique's transport network and migrant labourers overshadowed every other source of foreign exchange earnings.

The most spectacular Portuguese project – the Cabora Bassa hydroelectric complex – was envisaged as a vast social and political scheme that would invest the Mozambique heartland with white settlers on newly irrigated farmland. But this was only made economically possible by the Rand's unquenchable demand for energy.

FRELIMO thus found itself in possession of a black state utterly dependent on centres of white power. Its initial intentions appeared to be to follow a pragmatic path of accommodation. Considerable efforts were made to reassure the white population and to preserve the South African link. But at the same time FRELIMO was committed to the social advancement of its own people and black majority rule in the region. The first cautious attempts to assert state control over the economy in order to make fulfilment of these goals practicable provoked panic among the whites. The flight of individuals and their capital meant a further wave of state controls. By the end virtually all the 250,000 colonists – including almost all the skilled personnel – had left and the state had taken control of the decisive sectors of the economy.

Today the Mozambique economy is showing the effects. Most economic indicators stand at around half their pre-independence level. South Africa's decision to curtail the recruitment of Mozambican labourers (only about 30,000 now make the trek to the Rand, compared with 130,000 just before independence) and its revocation of the Mozambique Convention, which provided for the payment of 60 per cent of the miners' wages in gold, has deprived Mozambique of its main source of foreign exchange. A small balance of payments deficit swelled to a catastrophic $280m in 1977, and reserves dwindled to $2m.

Yet most of the population – small-scale subsistence or cash crop farmers – are insulated from these developments. The extension of health, educational and other social services, the development of production and distribution cooperatives, and the campaigns on issues like the social status of women mean that they can register social advance despite the economic crisis. However such a situation has strict limits, as the FRELIMO leadership understands.

Cabora Bassa, which the Mozambicans have left under Portuguese control, supplies power to the South African grid while a railway agreement of February 1979 leaves Maputo and the Mozambican railways at South Africa's disposal.

THE FUTURE of Portugal's former colonies is far from decided. The socialist credentials of the new regimes may be rather faded, but not even in Angola is there a fully fledged neo-colonial set-up. The final outcome is more likely to be resolved in the internal political arena than by foreign influence, whether it be through aggression or economic penetration. In that sense the role of Agostinho Neto's successor is of great importance.

All five former colonies have a similar political structure, a one-party state with the merest hint of democratic consultation. In Angola and Mozambique the apparatuses of party and state are inextricably tangled. Even in Mozambique the masses wield little 'Popular Power'. In the national elections in late 1977 the population was only consulted over the composition of the local assemblies. Every other body was indirectly elected upwards. Even locally villagers could do no more than reject FRELIMO nominees, but only about 8 per cent of candidates failed to be chosen.

Under Neto in Angola, democracy was even more flimsy. At the fall of the Portuguese dictatorship in 1974 the MPLA leadership faced the problem of how to reconstruct an almost non-existent organisation. It no longer commanded support among the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

urban population of Luanda and a series of splits and factions had weakened the leadership's hold. One faction, involving the MPLA's most prestigious public figure, the poet Mario de Andrade, criticised Neto's 'presidentialism' and demanded the convention of the MPLA congress.

The MPLA's guerilla struggle in Angola was always closely directed from the centre. Only one area, the First Military Region, was geographically beyond the control of the central leadership. That was where factional opposition tended to originate. It is a measure of Neto's success in pulling the movement back under his control that all but one of its commanders have been shot. By contrast roughly half the members of the present government have joined the MPLA *since* the 1974 Portuguese coup – once the fate of the anticolonial struggle was already decided.

The most serious threat to Neto – the attempted coup led by Nito Alves in May 1977 – was itself no more than a bureaucratic faction fight but reflected more fundamental issues. For instance the coup leaders were strongly critical of Neto's orientation towards the West.

After the fall of the Portuguese dictatorship the urban population of Luanda, owing allegiance to none of the three nationalist groups, began to take matters into their own hands. They formed People's Commissions and discussed the establishment of popular militias. A strike wave hit foreign-owned firms as well as colonial concerns. In February 1975 the First People's Assembly of Luanda met and declared itself the 'highest decision-making body of the Angolan people'. Based as it was on the neighbourhood assemblies it certainly had a better claim to that title than the provisional government presided over by the Portuguese and including all three nationalist movements. The MPLA began to realise that events were bypassing it and quickly incorporated the Luanda group headed by Nito Alves into its leadership.

The South African invasion and the role of the FNLA and UNITA – the rival Angolan nationalist groups – allowed the MPLA systematically to stamp out independent mass action with talk of 'imperative national needs' and 'discipline in the productive process'. Soon the neighbourhood commissions were composed solely of MPLA nominees. The crushing of the Nito Alves faction a year or so later – with Cuban troops the reserve arm of the regime – was a final symbolic demonstration that Angola's road to 'socialism' was to be based on strict bureaucratic control rather than independent initiative.

OILGATE
Martin Bailey

When shall we see some action?

A year past . . .

LAST WEEK a small British shipping company was fined £200 for busting sanctions. A rather piffling imposition, you may think; but the punishment is positively gigantic compared with the non-existent retribution exacted from the main offenders in this field. Nearly a dozen years ago the British government first learned that Shell Mozambique was supplying oil to Rhodesia in contravention of the Sanctions Order, yet the British-registered company has never been hauled through the courts. Nor, on present form, is it likely to be.

It is now exactly one year since the Bingham Report was published – all the report, that is, except for Annex III on 'Evidence of Criminal Offences'. Publication of this section was withheld at the request of the DDP 'while matters covered by the report are under consideration'. Annex III is a short document, just several pages long, but it provides a comprehensive list of Shell and BP executives who may have committed offences against the Sanctions Order.

No doubt the individuals named in this unpublished annex are hoping that 'further inquiries' by the police will take some time longer; that meanwhile a constitutional settlement will restore Rhodesia to legality; and that the authorities would then consider it inappropriate to press charges against Shell and BP. Certainly there is a feeling that the new Conservative government is even less likely than its Labour predecessor to take legal action over the Bingham revelations.

Since UDI, Shell and BP subsidiaries have supplied more than 25 million barrels of oil to Rhodesia – some of it through 'swap' arrangements, but most of it directly. This massive quantity represents almost half of all the oil imported by the rebel regime since sanctions were introduced almost fourteen years ago. It is somewhat ironic, however, that Shell and BP – Britain's two largest companies – should have acted in a way that was directly opposed to the stated policy of successive British governments.

The sanctions order makes it illegal for British companies or citizens to 'do any act calculated to promote the supply or delivery of petroleum' to Rhodesia. The firm which has most blatantly contravened this requirement has been Shell Mozambique, which despite its name is jointly-owned by Shell and BP. Shell Mozambique is registered in London, with a board of directors consisting mainly of British citizens, and it is therefore covered by the UK Sanctions Order.

Internal documents which have leaked from within the oil companies confirm that their executives were uncomfortably aware of the legal situation. A note prepared by Shell Centre on 22 January 1968 pointed out that 'Shell Mozambique is doing a thing prohibited' by the Sanctions Order. The following day Hugh Feetham of Shell drafted a letter which admitted that the sales arrangements which had been made in Southern Africa 'are in all probability such as to place Shell Mozambique and its directors in a position of liability to prosecution.'

Shell's fears were confirmed a few days later by one of its lawyers who had been sent to investigate in Southern Africa. The lawyer apparently did not prepare a written report – presumably because he feared putting incriminating evidence on paper. But he later told the Bingham Inquiry that his visit had showed that 'there was indeed good ground for the suspicion that goods were going direct to Rhodesia.' Bingham himself later confirmed that Shell Mozambique had handled half of Rhodesia's oil for most of the period since UDI.

The publicity last year about sanctions-busting forced the Government to move quickly after the completion of the Bingham Report. Dr Owen received the report on 22 August, and two weeks later he handed it over to the DPP. Shortly afterwards the DPP received preliminary advice from Counsel, and decided that further investigations were warranted. Chief Detective Superintendent Jim Smith, a senior officer from the Scotland Yard Fraud Squad, was put onto the case.

Since then, however, the inquiry shows signs of becoming bogged down in the Fraud Squad's office on the eleventh floor of Holborn Police Station. The only outward sign of movement came on 27 April when Shell Centre and BP's Britannic House received a visit from police officers armed with warrants demanding the production of papers and documents relating to Rhodesia trade.

OBVIOUSLY A COMPLICATED case spanning many years and involving a number of companies must take some time to investigate. In this instance, however, Scotland Yard had most of the basic work handed to them on a plate. This included the 400-page Bingham Report, the unpublished Annex III, and the mountain of document and testimony on which Bingham has based his findings. It should also be remembered that Bingham, who had to investigate the subject virtually from scratch, managed to complete his report in just over a year.

The DPP now takes the position that he is unable to consider whether the oil companies should be prosecuted until he has received the police report, which is not expected 'in the immediate future'. Scotland Yard has confirmed that its inquiries are still 'proceeding'. Yet both the DPP and the police give the impression that there may be no great feeling of urgency over the case.

Certainly the lack of progress into the investigation of Castrol offers little hope that the major oil companies will ever be prosecuted. Bingham reported that at a late stage he had learned that Castrol lubricants were being marketed in Rhodesia. He immediately took up the matter with Castrol's head office, 'but without obtaining any clear picture as to how these products reached Rhodesia.' Several weeks after the publication of the Bingham Report, Dr Owen told the House of Commons that 'the DPP will be already considering whether to investigate the matter further.'

Nothing more was heard until a few months ago when an MP asked the Government whether it had yet received the DPP's report. No, the Attorney-General replied, the DPP 'is not making an investigation into any alleged supply of petroleum products to Rhodesia by Castrol.' The Castrol chapter of the sanctions scandal had been quietly closed.

Many people feel that the publication of the Bingham Report should mark the end of the sanctions scandal. What's the use, it is asked, in pursuing the story? A witch hunt against the oil companies will hardly help solve Rhodesia's political turmoil. But the Oilgate scandal raises critical questions about her legal and political system. If Shell and BP are never punished for the most serious breach of the Sanctions Order, then the impression will inevitably be given that the oil giants are somehow above the law.

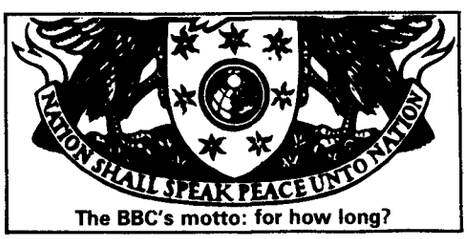
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGGIE'S BRITAIN

Tories pollute the waves

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

GEORGE ORWELL once wrote an article about Britain's relationship with the rest of the world and called it 'Not Counting Niggers'. By this title he indicated his belief that the British establishment did not really believe in the humanity or intelligence of the non-white peoples. He also worked during the war on the BBC's broadcasts to India and wrote of the fairly successful struggle to keep the airwaves clean during this period. Since that time, the BBC External Services have acquired a vast international audience, partly as a result of the transistor revolution, which rises in many countries in direct relation to the lack of truthful information purveyed by governments. One need not be especially patriotic to assert this; in any case, veterans of the Indian 'emergency', the 'Cultural Revolution' and the coup in Chile pay their own compliments to the foreign language services of the BBC. The coincidence of a British network with a reputation for truth is an extraordinary thing; one might say a national asset. To avoid jingoism, one might go as far as to say that it was worth more than the odd Rolls-Royce for Peter Jay, or the Queen's birthday shindig held annually in every embassy around the world. It costs just £40m, and the Tories want to cut it by £4m, or ten percent. Not just this year. For good.



The BBC's motto: for how long?

If this is allowed to happen, then 'not counting niggers' will become the very order of the day. The Foreign Office, which controls the allocations for no better reason than a wartime anomaly which nobody bothered to repeal, can choose between the following three menus of reductions.

They can cut all the language services to Western Europe, Southern Europe and Latin America (French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Greek, Turkish and Finnish) as well as close the relay station in the Caribbean which the BBC built, in cooperation with the Germans, some years ago. This would save £3.9m. Not Thatcherite enough? What about the 0.1 per cent? Well then.

They can cut all the language services to the Indian subcontinent, Iran and Burma, all those to the Far East and South East Asia and all those to black Africa. For good measure they could also close down the newly modernised Far East relay station, which would thereby be redundant anyway. The languages abandoned in this package would be Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese, Thai, Indonesian, Malay, Hindi, Persian, Urdu, Bengali, Tamil, Nepali, Hausa, Somali and Swahili. The monitoring service at Caversham, which supplies precious information on obscure areas to academics and journalists all over the world, would also suffer a reduction. But this cluster of cuts would succeed in trimming £4m exactly, and who cares about Swahili anyway? (The BBC was forced by the Tories in 1957 to cease broadcasting in Afrikaans. It was not an especially stupid year for such a cut to be made. 1960 would have been better.)

Alternatively, they could cut all the Western and Southern European services right out, abolish the Arabic service and a fair bit of the monitoring service and end up with the same total.

That would not, of course, be quite the end of the story. Those who are employed in these exotic and foreign services would have to be sacked. There are only about 400 of them in London, and 50-odd in the Singapore relay station at Kranji, and almost all of them are foreigners, so that would be all right as far as it went. But the loss of these people would mean a great and unquantifiable loss of 'feedback' and local expertise for the *English* language service. On some days it is necessary to know who is the general who has suddenly broadcast an appeal for calm over Radio Kabul, and if you fire all your vernacular underlings it can be difficult to find such things out. The World Service in English, in short, would lose a whole dimension if the foreign languages were scrapped.

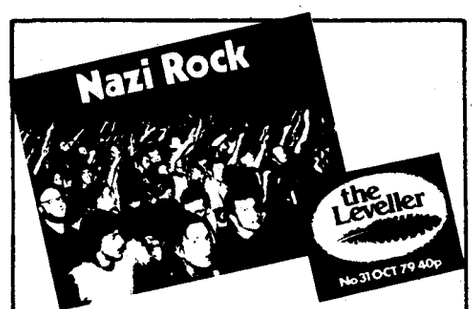
THERE WOULD BE other losses too. If you abandon a frequency, nothing much happens at first except that the Punjabi or Columbian who tunes in suddenly finds that there is nothing there, or that his government is broadcasting martial music into his home. Then within a few months, the frequency will have been taken over – perhaps by the North Koreans who are immediately behind the BBC in volume of transmissions at the moment, and would pull ahead if these cuts are made. In other words, the frequency once given up has gone for good. And Kim Il Sung may be all very well in his way, but there is not quite the same thirst for his views.

One reason why millions of listeners in the Third World prefer to listen to the BBC is that, unlike Radio Moscow or some of the 'free world' networks, it is relatively free of bias and reports events which put its own government in a poor light. This massive vote by the poorest in favour of cleaner airwaves is apparently to be ignored. Because one of the reasons why the External Services appear impartial is that they broadcast on a global scale. If the Third World is cut off, and services directed at the Eastern bloc remain on the air, then the BBC begins to look like just another Cold War operation. Since, incredibly, the Foreign Office can even decide which services to cut as well as by how much that seems the most probable outcome at the moment.

THOSE WHO HAVE observed the Foreign Office around the world, tirelessly getting Britain's priorities wrong, may find it ironic that the men who have failed are now to be put in charge of cutting the men who succeed. They brought us the 'special relationship', the Shah of Iran, the swift and deadly sanctions policy against Rhodesia. Now, faced with a budgetary reduction, they look hungrily about them to see what must go if the swollen diplomatic service is to be protected. And, 'not counting niggers', they come up with an attack on the one talented and efficient component of their system.

It is extremely difficult to see any sense in the policy, even if one accepted the Tory logic about public expenditure cuts in the first place. Any student of cost-effectiveness knows that the least efficient method of making an economy is the imposition of an across-the-board reduction. Even Leslie Chapman, that sworn enemy of civil service spending, makes this point in his book *Your Disobedient Servant*. As applied to a fragile and complex business like broadcasting, such a policy is even more hamfisted. One cannot reduce a radio service shift by shift or news bulletin by news bulletin. One has to decide which services to drop and which to retain. So even a small monetary calculation will represent itself as a swathe through a number of entire languages.

It may seem odd to some people that a government pledged to restore 'Britain's standing in the world' should commit such an act of vandalism against a precious national resource. This point can be left to those who took the Tories at face value in the first place. A few months ago, it might have seemed appropriate to ask why the BBC Africa service has no broadcasts in Shona – the chief vernacular of Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Now all of a sudden we are faced with the loss of broadcasts in Hausa, Somali and Swahili. Here is the news, and this is Margaret Thatcher reading it.



Jury-vetting scandal - what was said 'in camera'; Anarchists on trial - we set the scene; Fascists move into rock and Crass get stopped; Feminist films, American films; State racism; Passports for 1984; Walter Rodney interview about Guyana, Lotta Continua about Italy; Horrifying account of the Nazis and other filth living in Paraguay; TUC and media debate. Plus lots of other good stuff. 40p from good newsagents and bookshops. *Cheap subscription offer :* **£5.00 instead of £6.00 plus free 'I failed the jury vet' badge (very tasteful).**

The Leveller, 57, Caledonian Road, London N1. Tel 278 0146

This magazine is not owned by Sir James Goldsmith or Cavenham Foods.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diary

☐ What Lillian Carter, the President's mother, said last week about Senator Kennedy is the worst thing a Carter has ever said. And the fates have seen to it that the President has been promptly struck down for it. Miz Lillian was at a picnic in New Hampshire attended by most of the presidential candidates or their stand-ins. Asked about the likelihood of a Kennedy race for the nomination, she said: 'I wish him all the luck in the world. And I hope to goodness nothing happens to him. I really do.' The crowd which heard that started booing. Mrs Carter isn't exactly any old lavendered lady, absent-mindedly musing on life's probabilities. It's well known that the Carters manipulate even the impressions of their barnyard epithets.

For instance, at dinner several weeks ago, the President told two Congressmen that if Kennedy challenged him, he would 'beat the shit out of him'. At the time Carter thought it valuable that the nation should learn its leader was talking tough, but not dirty, so while the Congressmen were driving home, he had his press secretary call reporters to announce that the President had threatened: 'If Kennedy runs, I'll whip his ass.' The press secretary also rang one of the Congressmen to rehearse the sanitised version with him, and then gave out his unlisted telephone number to the papers. Livid at the manipulation, the Congressman confirmed exactly what had been said, although none of the papers would print it.

They have jumped on Miz Lillian's nastiness, however, and throughout the week pestered her with questions about her son's health. She was quoted in midweek saying: 'He's in the best of health. He's got doctors around him all the time and he runs two to six miles a day, he and Rosalynn.' That was just too provocative for the fates who conspired to pull the President's legs from under him as he competed in a six-mile race near Camp David at the weekend. The *Washington Post* printed several articles explaining how the colour of Carter's face had gone 'ashen' (contrasting with what were described as his unconventional black socks), and theorising on how Carter's abdomen may have temporarily short-circuited his brain.

☐ As for the substance of the Kennedy challenge, what is being communicated publicly from and about the Senator is that the hair on his chest has gone grey, that after two sets of tennis his face goes beet-red, that he has been on a diet for six months and no longer takes ice cream. The struggle for the Democratic nomination is proving to be the most public colostomy ever witnessed.

☐ State visits here are normally signalled by the appearance of flags on the streets around the White House, much panoply and wailing of police sirens. It was therefore curious to observe this week that President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire managed to slip in without anyone noticing. Although Mobutu met with Carter, the Secretary of State, and several Congressmen, there were no flags or state dinners, and the word was put out that he had simply chanced to drop in, 'on an hour's notice', according to one report: 'on private business', AP claimed.

In fact the visit was carefully staged for the week before Congress votes on Zaire's $39 million foreign aid request. Even the puppet general has his detractors here, so the administration thought it best for his visit to stir as little public comment as possible. Last year there was criticism that Carter had acted unlawfully in flying French, Belgian and later Moroccan troops into the country to rescue Mobutu once again from the Katangan rebels. The law obliges him to get congressional approval in advance. Mobutu's administration remains in such a parlous state that, despite the commitment of IMF aid, there is not enough Zairean currency in the treasury to cover the public payroll, and officials have not been paid for weeks. World Bank officials, on whom Mobutu also called, describe his government as a basket case, and have refused to cough up the money for rehabilitating the mines heavily damaged in last year's fighting. Mobutu is desperate for American cash, but under the law the administration is prohibited from granting aid to countries which have defaulted on their debts to the US government for over a year. The debts are enormous – about $330 million to the government, and another $370 million to American banks.

The administration is also in a quandary over the withdrawal of the erstwhile inter-African intervention force from Shaba Province. The backbone of the force is Moroccan, and is needed by King Hassan for his faltering war in the Western Sahara. The Americans are afraid that without the Moroccans, Mobutu won't be able to survive. Foreign troops are also necessary to stop the Zairean army looting whatever aid reaches the starving country. It is expected, however, that congress will overlook its own law and vote Mobutu the money, and then it will be corruption as usual. At least half a million Zaireans will die of starvation this year without aid ever reaching them.

☐ You might think that after years of the most tenaciously dissected public scandal, there could be no indiscretions left to the gossip writers to expose here. Divorce is routine and the city is a mecca to homosexuals, errant pederasts, public dunny sodomists, and drunks in elevated positions who are the subject of much sympathy as they are led off to their cures. Still, Washingtonians have an insatiable appetite for gossip, and the start of the autumn social season is celebrated by the return of flocks of journalists to tattle daily in print. They mix gossip and politics very deliberately, although the sort of rumour the FBI now admits spreading about Jean Seberg's alleged pregnancy to a Black Panther would be impossible today. Not because, as the FBI director says, 'we don't do that sort of thing any more', but rather because it would cause no stir to accuse anyone of miscegenation or any form of unwedded conception.

The one dirty secret that is left unexposed in this city is the fact that there are a large number of Congressmen, presidential aides, bureaucrats, lawyers and other ruling-class gentlemen walking around with diseased dongs. Washington has one of the highest rates of VD in the country, and a virulent strain of venereal hepatitis has been cultured here and resists all known treatment. The pox manages to leap back and forth across the river and swards of parkland which artfully segregate the black and white residential areas, and slips by the dozen different police forces which guard the city's enclaves. The post-revolutionary Frenchmen who designed Washington so that it could be controlled with a small number of cannon at a few strategic circles could not have imagined the ease with which the plague has tumbled the city's defences. This is the only city in the world, I'm afraid, where it's riskier to sit on a private lavatory than a public one.

☐ To judge from his depiction on television, the American father is such a mawkish and harmless incompetent that it's remarkable he was ever able to manage his part in conception. It is therefore a surprise to discover from a recent national survey of 7 to 11-year-old American kids that two-thirds say they are frightened 'somebody bad might get into the house'. One in ten believes he's already inside – they regard their father as a terrifying monster they wish would leave. It is a regular occurrence here for three or four teenagers a year to let the old man have it with a shotgun. Counting Washington's share of the nation's million runaways and enormous numbers of battered and abused children, you begin to appreciate how unsettling family life actually is. All the more curious, then, to spend time in the local family court observing the ordeals of fathers who love their children but are cut off from them by punitive divorce terms which the judges are fond of imposing. Poorly organised into tiny bands of 'Fathers United' and 'Men's Equality Now (men), most men are too poor to wage custody battles. Divorce lawyers charge $75 an hour, and for an outlay of at least $10,000 an appeal is an improbable bet. Fathers nevertheless won an unusual victory last week when a woman was found in contempt of court for trying to hospitalise a child so that he couldn't spend Easter with his father and for other interference with his biweekly visits. The father argued his own case and, in a decision which has no precedent here, the mother was ordered to pay compensation of $500 or go to jail.

Claudia Wright

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Britain's sex industry plans business as usual tomorrow, the day of blue movie queen Mary Millington's funeral. Sex shops and cinemas had been considering closing as a mark of respect. But yesterday owners counted the cost – up to £1,000 for the day – and ruled it out. – *Daily Express* (R. Bayliss)

☐ Thousands of leaflets are being distributed by Southern Region to tell travellers why its trains are slower, noisier, dirtier, colder, less comfortable and more prone to cancellation than those of other British Rail areas. 'It is neither an apology nor an admission of defeat,' says Mr John Palette, general manager. – *Daily Telegraph* (Brenda Rowe)

☐ During discussions among themselves in front of Mr Freedman, the three men used terms associated with police colloquialisms, including addressing the leader as 'Guv', convincing the shop owner they were police. – *Daily Telegraph* (Sheila Burns)

☐ A Chinese restaurant owner told a jury yesterday he was so frightened of a Triad terror group known as the Soi Fang that he went to an identification parade disguised as a lion so that no one would recognise him at the police station. – *Scotsman* (G. K. B. Henderson)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Birmingham blues

From Howard Sharron

Denis Howell's insistence (letters 7 September) that he has never met Birmingham property speculator Dennis Fell contradicts information given to me by several of Mr Howell's associates in Saltley. An article in the *Birmingham Evening Mail* on 21 December 1978, also states that Mr Howell was the guest of Mr Fell at parties held at the private golf course of Mr Fell's £250,000 mansion. It is possible that all these sources are mistaken in which case I stand corrected.

Mr Howell's further suggestion in his letter that he is unaware of Fell's business activities in Saltley is, if true, disgraceful. A detailed explanation of Fell's dealings and the disastrous effects they were having on Saltley's residents and communities was produced in a report by the Saltley Community Development Project earlier this year. It was the end product of years of research into complaints of the local people and both the research and complaints have always been freely available to anyone who was willing to listen.

Mr Howell's self-congratulation over the Leashold Reform Act of 1967 is, as far as the tenants in Saltley and other parts of Birmingham are concerned, also out of place: confronted with freeholders who didn't want to sell, or asked unreasonable prices, tenants found the Act useless. If prices for the freehold cannot be agreed between the tenant and the freeholder the Act merely gives the tenant who has issued the 'notice to purchase' the right to go to the Land Tribunal to get it settled. The costs of doing so are astronomical and outweigh the value of the original freehold. These costs and delays favoured the big property companies who, as a consequence, had a much stronger bargaining position and could jack-up the price of the freehold or obstruct its sale completely.

The Act made the tenant liable to pay the solicitors' and valuers' fees of both the freeholder and the intermediary leaseholders which, of course, were also jacked-up. As a result of these loopholes the Act failed to restrict the operation of the property market and allowed speculators to buy-in freeholds and intermediary leaseholds in bulk to resell at a profit.

Small wonder, then that many residents in Saltley didn't or couldn't accept Mr Howell's advice to issue notices. Of those that did, many failed to achieve their purchase. Saltley's leaseholders repeatedly pleaded with Mr Howell to introduce the fixed-price formula which the Irish Government (hardly the most radical of Governments) had introduced after its own Leasehold Reform Act, modelled on the 1967 British Act, was an abysmal failure. This would have restricted the scope for profiteering by landlords, speculators and market professionals. Mr Howell's only response was that this would be 'quite inequitable' – one is bound to ask 'quite inequitable for whom?'

Mr Howell's and the D. of E's refusal to take on Societies' powerful interests over Leasehold Reform characterises the political bankruptcy of the last Labour Government and reveals why its whole inner-city policy was such a dreadful sham.

Mindbenders

From Brian Beckett

Despite Tom Minchin's letter (14 September) it is still difficult to understand the Scientologists' campaign against the chemical warfare hallucinogen BZ. The problem is not the importance of the chemical warfare issue, the effects of BZ or the question of its use in human experimentation – instead it is one of scientific accuracy.

If the Scientologists wish to use the term 'potent' in the sense of BZ's duration compared to LSD, they are entitled to do so but they ought to spell out what they mean beforehand. 'Potency' usually refers to the effective dosage and not to the 'trip's' length.

Tom Minchin refers to 'a disproportionate number' of BZ test subjects 'having deformed or miscarried children'. But nowhere do we find out how many or out of what number. The Scientologists' BZ submission to the UN Committee on Disarmament says of the test subjects that 'serious after effects have resulted, including in one case difficulty in producing viable foetuses.' One case cannot be a disproportionate number and if there are other examples they should be specified in the appropriate detail.

In a letter to Bruce Douglas-Mann MP, the Scientologists state 'extremely small doses of the drug are needed to send a person on a 96 hour trip. Slightly larger doses are lethal.' The letter also says '35 grammes kill 1000 people.' The US Army data upon which this is based give the lethal BZ dosages as between 0.5 and 3.0 milligrams per kilogramme and the effective dosage between 0.0057 and 0.0067 mg/kg. Small amounts to be sure but the lethal dosage is still between 87.7 and 447.7 times as much as the effective dosage. In addition, the dosages are *statistical* measures, eg, the LD50 or lethal dosage 50 is the amount which is expected to kill *half* those exposed to it. So for an LD50 of 0.5 mg/kg – the lowest estimate – and an average weight of 70 kg, the lethal amount is 35 mg per person. The Scientologists assume that 35 grammes will kill 1000 people but the most expected outcome for any such grim experiment would be only half that amount. Enthusiasm – even in the best of causes – is not a substitute for scientific accuracy. The LD50 figures are also for injected dosages – hardly threatening to large numbers of people.

The Scientologists' efforts to get BZ classed as a dangerous drug are commendable and deserve support but it would be an error to think that BZ is unique in not being so classed. There are many compounds of varying degrees of hazard not covered by the various acts. The dried seeds of Myristica fragrans are a known hallucinogen with effects described in one article as 'none in some individuals, to others typical of LSD'. Myristica fragrans is better known as Nutmeg and is available on every high-street in Britain. Drug classification is a complex business.

Television in the regions

From Donald H. Harker of Granada Television

What you say about Granada's new studio in Liverpool in your issue of 31 August is mistaken. There could be no sense in duplicating in two cities only 50 minutes apart by road the facilities of a modern television studio complex. A Granada play would look much the same whether it were made at the east or the west end of the Ship Canal. That is why Granada will stick to its policy of a single centre in Manchester – a policy which, incidentally, has been fully endorsed by the BA over the years. A glance at the regional programme log will show that this policy has allowed ample coverage for Merseyside – too much, some would say, particularly those who live in North Lancashire and beyond.

A regional service is improved not by building white elephants but by taking advantage of technological developments as they occur. In the case of Liverpool, ENG (Electronic News Gathering) equipment will enable us to provide a quicker and more comprehensive news and feature service over a wider radius. The signal from an ENG unit can be transmitted live or relayed instantly. Whereas the present method of covering the region by film entails the use of road transport and laboratories, adding several hours to the time of getting a story on the air. An operation centred on Liverpool using ENG makes sense where there would have been no sense in the past.

You further complain that Granada uses its regional programmes as a training ground for production staff. If you mean by this that some of the journalists and producers move from regional programmes to network programmes, you are right – but what would you have us do? Print journalists tend to move from local papers to nationals with many of the best congregating in Fleet Street. Our system is much the same, except that it allows us to retain some of the best talent in the NW. David Plowright, Mike Scott, Peter Eckersley and Gus Macdonald, for instance, all received their early training on regional programmes and remained with Granada. Others have gone further afield, including John Birt, Jeremy Isaacs and Michael Parkinson.

A vindication of disbelief

From Nicolas Walter

I am puzzled by some of the reactions to my reply (10 August) to Paul Johnson's defence of Christianity (1 June). John Mortimer (17 August) says my article is 'entirely religious', and Denis Shaw (31 August) says I am 'a prize example' of those who say they have 'no religion' but 'invariably prove' to have 'an alternative religion'. If this is a joke, all right; if not, I can only say that nothing about my article in particular or my ideas in general can be described as religious in any normal sense, and that to do so only confuses the issues.

Allan Pond (31 August) distinguishes between agnostics and atheism, and says we should keep 'an open mind' about God. Which god? Genuine agnosticism denies knowledge of and therefore destroys belief in any divine or supernatural being, and is virtually indistinguishable from genuine atheism.

Val Osborne and H.C. Alexander (31 August) defend the mythical, the transcendental, and the numinous. These were not the subject of either Johnson's or my article, and must be defined before they are discussed. Thus, when Osborne says 'myth contains truth, in a real sense *is* truth', is that meant to be myth or truth?

Osborne also asks why I attack traditional Christianity and whether I have done my homework. The answers are that I was replying to a defence of traditional Christianity, and that I have done my homework. I have much respect for Johnson's intelligence and integrity; I just think he is wrong about Christianity, and I tried to explain why.

A Nazi views history

From Richard Verrall, editor of Spearhead

May I reply to Messrs Ainsztein and Wheen (NS 7 September) concerning the John Bennett controversy and the involvement of *Spearhead* magazine?

Whether these gentlemen like it or not, a growing number of academics and public figures throughout the world are beginning to question the truth of the claim that six million Jews were murdered in gas chambers as a direct result of a Nazi policy of extermination.

Prof. Arthur Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* has not only been followed by John Bennett's investigations, but also those of Prof.Robert Faurisson of the University of Lyon, who recently debated the subject on Swiss television, and Prof. Helmut Diwald, a respected German historian who questioned the substance of the Holocaust in his *Die Geschichte der Deutschen,* published by Axel Springer. Their researchers are only carrying on the work begun by the late Prof. Paul Rassinier, a French historian himself interned in Buchenwald concentration camp. Recently, David Irving in *Hitler's War* has convincingly demonstrated that no proof exists to support the claim that Hitler ordered any 'Final Solution'.

All these investigations simply cannot be dismissed as 'pathological ravings', the term of abuse applied by Mr Ainsztein to the writings of John Bennett, a liberal intellectual, be it noted. Sooner or later, Mr Ainsztein and those of his persuasion are going to have to confront and debate this growing body of revisionist criticism, instead of consigning it to the realms of pathology. In the meantime, *Spearhead* will continue to comment on this controversy, and so also should the *New Statesman* if it is as independent of Zionist interests as recent editorials and articles suggest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

At random

Ever since I had the privilege of appearing with him on television, I have been attached to Tom Jackson's whiskers, and I here use the word 'attached' in the sense of 'being affectionate towards' rather than of 'being fastened to', as with a stapler. I have never, of course, actually touched Mr Jackson's whiskers and am therefore unable to pronounce on their texture (silky soft, at a guess) but I have been within, say, a foot of them and a truly resplendent sight they are near to. As I was mysteriously not invited to that recent union conference, you may well wonder what strange fate brought us together and I can reveal that it was fate in the shape of Thames TV who, knowing me to be an occasional critic of the Post Office, asked if I would be prepared to face, live on the box, a confrontation with somebody. I said 'yes' without hesitation, it being in my nature to be both helpful to others and keen on fees, however small, and in due course found myself chatting with the charming Mavis Nicholson, ace TV commère. She led me on, without the remotest difficulty, to speak disparagingly of our current postal services and then suddenly, appearing from behind a sort of arras and like something in *Hamlet*, there popped out Tom Jackson in all his hirsute glory. Sensation!

Pray do not misunderstand me when I say, and I use the phrase figuratively, that it was a love match from the start, or so I felt. Affable hardly describes him. Bonhomie came bursting through the whiskers. The eyes, as far as the hair allowed, were seen to twinkle sympathetically. Geniality radiated from him and he seemed politely to agree with much that I thought fit to say. And therefore, seeing him so recently in command of the meeting of the Trades Unions, I had high hopes that, somehow, the whiskers and the warmth would spread a cosy glow over the proceedings. Perhaps they might even discuss work, rather than stopping work. But alas, if there was a glow, the BBC TV cameras didn't manage to pick it up. If there were cheerful faces, they were hidden from us. It was furious faces that we viewed, and bitter mouths demanding more money for, it would seem, less work. Poor old England. It was all selfishness and egotism at their odious worst and it was with relief that one switched off the box and turned to something calmer and, to me, more rewarding.

In the generously book-lined section of 'Myrtlebank' where I do what people are kind enough to refer to as 'your writing', I have through the window a pleasing view of rosebeds, hypericums, may trees, dahlias, my magnolia (super flowers this year, uninterfered with by frost) and the stone wall which contains the oak door that permits access to us from the lane and which is apt to swell and stick and be a nuisance during very inclement weather. This view enables me to have early warning of visitors and, in certain cases, to set off my defence mechanisms, which consist of ducking nimbly down behind a chair and pretending that the spacious rooms of 'Myrtlebank' are for the moment unoccupied. People give up and go away, I find, after about three minutes and so not too much time is lost from 'my writing'. This behaviour will sound rude and unfriendly, and indeed it is both, but work must come first, if I may set a priggish example to those who seem to think otherwise.

To aid me in my literary exertions, I have available, within easy reaching distance of my desk, both French and German dictionaries for one never knows when one may need to refresh one's memory as to the frog for thumb-screw or as to what on earth *Christihimmellfahrt* can mean (broken down into three sections, the pieces are Christ, heaven and journey, or The Ascension, and a prime example of that heavy and unwieldy tongue). There are also two English dictionaries as, with age, my ability to spell correctly, never very outstanding, has left me and I now have to look up relatively simple words such as 'thridace' (condensed lettuce juice, believe it or not) and 'mulligrubs' (the sulks). There are several editions of *Who's Who in the Theatre* (so important, to some of us, to know which came first, *The Merry Widow* or *The Arcadians* – the former, incidentally), and I leave to the last my two favourite props. One of them is, naturally, the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* and totally invaluable (strange to find that the ominous 'the worst is yet to come', the converse of Browning and a sentence of our times if ever there was one, is dated 1920. One would have put it earlier.)

The other standby is none other than the 1954 edition of Pears Cyclopaedia, splendidly meaty and one long fascination, with its sections on First Aid, Cookery (there's a mouth-watering Syrup Layer Pudding, provided you don't skimp the suet, and a very fine Salmi of Partridge), Baby's First Year with its wise and helpful words on bibs, and unusual treats such as How To Work a Slide Rule, speaking of which you may care to know that logarithms weren't discovered, incredible as it may seem, until 1614. Please feel free to dine out on this attractive, if startling, piece of information. It's going to make almost anybody put down his kebab skewer or forkful of Chinese take-away and gape.

But it is, ignoramus that I am, in the 'General Information' pages that I like best to saunter. Our editress, Mary Barker, B.Sc.(Lond.) and her ten 'specialist associate editors' have not spared themselves and appear to have worked on the principle that if in doubt as to whether a fact such as the one that Gastropoda are univalve molluscs like whelks is worth bunging in, then by all means bung it in. This makes for richness and for pleasurable variety. Page 567 is very striking, containing as it does gibbet, geysers, ghettos, Girl Guides and gin ('a well-known spirit'). Or what about the electrifying page 641 which features, in a glorious higgledy-piggledy, rubber, 'Rule, Britannia', rum and Rural Deans (stooges, though they don't put it quite like that, to Bishops). If you chance to own the volume (it comes in a clarety hardback), why not hunt about for your very own favourites? Page 603 has a whole lot going for it – macaroni, Magna Carta, mackerel, Magi, maggots and the Mad Parliament (not 1978 but 1258 and forcing Henry III to consult with the barons at least three times a year).

Random items greet the questing eye no matter which page it may happen to alight on. How weird to find that, during the Reign of Terror, the executioners at Nantes abandoned their rather showy guillotine (possibly the ceaseless clanging sound got on their nerves) and made use instead of the 'noyade' or drowning method of extermination, setting victims afloat 'in a boat with a movable bottom' – much the same as walking the plank, I suppose, only without the splash. What happened if the more buoyant aristos struck gamely out for the shore, we are not told. Perhaps at that time all frogs, well known for their deep aversion to both water and washing, could be safely guaranteed to sink.

One wouldn't of course for one moment venture an ungrateful criticism of such an informative feast and I merely rather wonder how some of those mentioned even came to be considered, let alone earned their place. Take, for example, the Longicornia, a family of large horned beetles tremendously gifted at wood-boring (a dangerous word in this connection). Well then, what about Prozymite, handy though it might be at Scrabble? It is not, ha ha, a small and dull child but an 11th century word which indicates those who plumped (can there have been a choice? 'Hovis, please'), for unleavened bread in the Eucharist. Fancy that. I wouldn't wish in any way to sully the reputations of our compilers but, having already described 'gin', the well-known spirit as you will recall, I am puzzled as to why Schiedam should be included. This is the kind of gin called 'Hollands' and is manufactured in Schiedam, hence the name. Never mind and who cares when there is so much to thrill and interest – cobras and cod, rabbis and radar, pumas and pumice, minnows and meerschaums and the Methuen Treaty of 1703 with Portugal, which ensured us importations of port at advantageously reduced rates (they're at the booze again).

Roger Woddis

Carter in the fall

Tell me not I've lost my passion
For the Presidential race,
Just because I may look ashen,
Or fall flat upon my face.

Life is more than merely habit,
Bad luck sometimes takes its toll:
It could be a killer rabbit
Ruins an opinion poll.

Fortune is an anaconda,
Poised to strike and bring me down;
At my heels I hear Jane Fonda,
Not to mention Jerry Brown.

Troops in Cuba, trade recession,
Russian warships in the Med. –
None of these cause such depression
As the growing threat from Ted.

Lives of presidents remind me
God helps those whose grip is firm;
God knows what I'll leave behind me,
If I last another term.

Let me be the nation's father,
With my health and faith restored;
Free to choose, what would you rather –
Fail with me, or fall with Ford?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Judith Hart

The Industrial Imperative

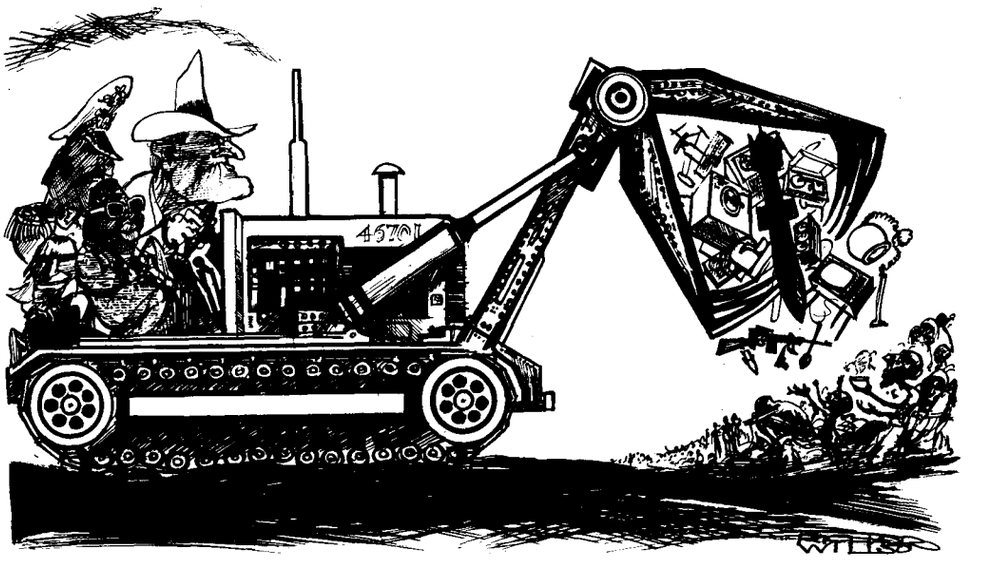
The Nature of Mass Poverty by J. K. GALBRAITH *Harvard* £4.95
Why Poor People Stay Poor by MICHAEL LIPTON *Temple Smith* £9.50 and £4.75
The Next Seventy Years: Population, Food and Resources by BERNARD GILLAND *Abacus Press* £9.50
The Soviet Theory of Development by STEPHEN CLARKSON *Macmillan* £12 and £4.95

In the comparatively new industry of writing about development, one needs to keep a clear head. Hoping that I do so, I suggest that of four books reviewed here, two are important and two are not. The first important one is the substantial paperback edition of Michael Lipton's very good book. Written about four years ago, it is just a little dated, for development strategies and policies have firmed up a lot since then. But his theme is right, and carefully set out. It is that the 'concentrated, articulate and powerful urban interests' of both developing countries and the decision-makers in aid-providing countries and agencies present a resistance to the switch of aid resources and internal development resources towards rural advance and reform. Thankfully, poverty-oriented strategies are now generally understood and accepted: not only because it is in the countryside that the mass of the world's poor seek survival but also because income creation among the majority of a population is the only sensible path to self-generated economic growth in the third world. But it is one thing to declare new policies – as we did here in 1975 – and another to implement them effectively and successfully. The barriers to change are exactly as Lipton describes them – particularly in the planning ministries of developing countries, which accept the logic of change, but, right now, would like to help to build that large factory in the city.

It is a book which is readable and to be read. I heard Julius Nyerere quote it against himself in a presidential speech in Rome in July, in an excercise of self-criticism (Lipton suggests that he has 'a pastoral philosophy'). There is a slightly surprising indulgence: a deviation from the main theme to analyse Marxist 19th-century theories, with special concentration on Kautsky. But it is an interesting deviation.

In the second important book, Stephen Clarkson dismisses Kautsky in a phrase: his 'Eurocentric internationalism' served as one of the 'erroneous formulations' against which Lenin reacted in reaching his own policy conclusions. Clarkson presents an absorbing, detached Canadian analysis of original Soviet source material on development policies, stretching back over the last decades: the kind which makes one envious of his opportunity to research in such depth. He explains a great deal. One begins to understand the confused contradictions of Soviet anti-imperialist theory and Soviet performance in development assistance. They are a long way distanced from Lenin on Imperialism in 1917.

The contradictions, sharp and strange, are well authenticated. In clear financial terms, both the comparative analysis of OECD and a very recent account in *World Marxist Review* (July) support the thesis that the Soviet Union doesn't do much, and does it pretty ungenerously. Soviet aid has ranged around some 0.1 per cent of GNP for a long time, against the international target of 0.7 per cent and an average among industrialised countries of about half that – with, let it be said, the United States at the bottom of the OECD league table. (Carter's hopes to do better have foundered, like so many of his good intentions. And if you happen to meet a bunch of American Congressmen from the Foreign Affairs Committee on a tour of south-east Asia, as I did last month, you wouldn't be too surprised.) Its volume apart, Soviet development assistance takes the form of interest-bearing loans, with no grants for the poorest countries (which has been British practice, and that of many other countries), and is very tightly tied to Soviet supplies.



What Clarkson does is to explore why this is so. Soviet thinking about the third world turns out to be extraordinarily close in prescription, though not in theory, to the American-dominated economic concepts of the Sixties, now correctly reviled and thrown into the trash-bin. Rostow and his contemporaries believed that the path for developing countries was very simple: encapsulate the 19th-century industrial revolutions of the West in a few short years; go for the 'big push' of selective industrialisation, and wait for the 'trickle-down' to the mass of the poor. A capitalist 'big push', of course, which had to mean the transnational corporations, given the scarcity of indigenous savings in the third world. The Soviet view, which emerges beyond any doubt from the writing of the specialists in Moscow, is that the key to development is 'the industrialisation imperative'. Thus, *World Marxist Review* can write proudly that:

> the Soviet Union has directed the bulk of its assistance into industries, above all the heavy industry – metallurgy, engineering and mining – and also the power industry,

and that 37 per cent of Soviet economic and technical assistance goes into metallurgy.

The theoretical basis for such an odd coincidence between Rostow and Moscow, which leaves out of account the prospects of the poor and a rational analysis of the economic basis for development, emerges very clearly. It is not, of course, because Soviet economists share the Rostovian approach. It is because they regard current Marxist-Leninist value judgments as intrinsic to analysis and policies; these seek not only to define the mode of production in a given country at a given moment in time, but to place developing countries in an axis, carefully defined, which assesses their policy thrust, their class relationships and their foreign policy relationships; and within this context, the development of state capitalism is seen as a paradigm which 'turns out to have a dynamic capability'. State capitalism, which requires 'the industrial imperative', is a necessary stage in the transition from feudal colonialism to socialism, for it mobilises the working class. Even private capitalist development can achieve the same objective, as a step along the road.

But in the third world of peasants and labourers in the fields, one must ask the question; what about the workers? Clarkson's sources indicate that policies on the provision of social and economic infrastructure are at best indistinct:

> while all classes are said to support expenditures on the satisfaction of social needs, the ruling classes, in the Soviet view, see this as a means of weakening social contradictions and conveying their ideology to the masses.

(Well, yes: some of us were pretty anxious that the 'basic needs' philosophy which emerged a couple of years ago should not be interpreted as a welfare strategy which would inhibit structural change. But it's a rather different emphasis.) And the argument on aid? It is that since exploitative imperialism is responsible for many ills, it is imperialism which should put things right. In its own model? Yes, because any form of capitalism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paves the way for the transition to socialism; and rural development to raise the standard of living of the masses does not offer the same opportunity for the mobilisation of class interests. It is all very logical, but sad. I suppose that Soviet economists might argue that their answers are likely to produce effective long-term results. The trouble is that the world cannot wait that long.

The intensive case-study for Soviet theory was India. So it was for J. K. Galbraith. In some ways, it was a relief to turn to his latest book. Compassion and concern and an intelligent realism come through all the time as he discusses the problems of poverty. However, it is largely derived from his Indian experience many years ago – and most of us know that India is a continent of its own, yielding few useful generalisations. I turned to him hoping for much. Yet, and yet – there is nothing original here. It is a pity, but understandable. For this is not a real Galbraith book: he has published an edited series of lectures which were no doubt full of stimulus for his students at Radcliffe. He found a useful link theme, in traditional Galbraithian style, on which to peg his observations: by inventing two new phrases to define and categorise all-too-familiar problems in the development process, and weaving his analysis around them. They are 'the equilibrium of poverty' and 'accommodation', and the thesis is neatly summarised at one point:

> the tendency of the rich country is to increasing income; the tendency of the poor country is to an equilibrium of poverty. And in each of them there is accommodation, in the one case to the fact of improvement, in the other to the hopelessness of the prospect.

Mr Bernard Gilland has written a short book of 100 pages called *The Next 70 Years*, which reckons to be a study of population, food and resources. Mr Gilland is a civil engineer, and the blurb says that 'for some years the future has been a hobby of his'. So say all of us. To be unkind is not in my nature, but there is no escape. The source material is highly selective, narrow and often superficial; the brief 100 pages cover population policies, and all there is to know about energy, agriculture, nutrition and 'projections'. I found I disagreed with his sociological observations, could not understand his mathematical equations, and found his graphs peculiar (if sometimes interesting). His interpretation of demographic historical material is a trifle individualistic. I am sure he is an admirable civil engineer.

Among this week's contributors:

TREVOR PRESTON has written many TV series, including *The Sweeney*, *Special Branch*, *Callan*, and, for children, adapted *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

DAME JUDITH HART has been Minister or shadow for overseas development for 10 years and is now shadowing again as well as working on three books, including a revision of her *Aid and Liberation*.

IAN LINDEN is Professor of African History at the University of Hamburg. His book *The Catholic Church and the Struggle for Zimbabwe* will be published by Longman early next year.

SHEILA ROWBOTHAM is the author of *Hidden from History*.

DAN CRUIKSHANK is on the staff of the *Architects' Journal* and author of *London: The Art of Georgian Building*.

L. C. KNIGHTS was King Edward VIII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge from 1965-73 and is now Emeritus Professor. His books include *Explorations: Essays in Literary Criticism, Further Explorations, Explorations 3* and *Public Voices: Literature and Politics*.

PATRICIA CRAIG is co-author, with Mary Cadogan, of *You're a Brick, Angela* and *Women and Children First*.

JOHN MOLE's *From the House Opposite* was published earlier this year by Secker and Warburg.

PETER CONRAD is the author of *The Victorian Treasure House, Romantic Opera and Literary Form* and *Shandyism: The Character of Romantic Irony*.

BRYAN ROBERTSON was Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery from 1952-68. His books include *Pollock*.

Gordon Rattray Taylor

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE MIND

"The first full scale study of what is known about the workings of man's unfathomable mind . . . a coherent and absorbing narrative . . . a remarkable feat of exploration."
Brian Inglis, **Guardian**

"A magnificently readable book . . . more than an exploration: it is an intellectual adventure."
Colin Wilson, **Evening News**

£6.95

Secker & Warburg

L. C. Knights

I. A. Richards 1893-1979

I.A. Richards was one of the great men of his generation. It would need someone of his own stature to define the nature of his greatness – or rather, it would need a number of people, each with something approaching his own range and subtlety of mind. The scope of his interests – his contribution to so many fields of inquiry – is suggested in the *Essays* presented to him on his 80th birthday by 24 poets, critics and teachers (Oxford, 1973); and even there the editors remark a little ruefully, 'We could wish that there were more adequate representation of Richards's work in aesthetics and the visual arts, in the philosophy of science, and linguistic theory, and that there were a fuller account of his educational ventures from China to the USA to Africa'. On this occasion it seems best to attempt a simple personal statement.

When I read for the English Tripos in the late 1920s three men were bringing new life to the Cambridge English School, – Mansfield Forbes, Richards and F.R. Leavis. Since I did not then know Leavis it was the other two who first stirred my tardy understanding. There was a group of uncommonly gifted young men and women, including Empson and Elsie Elizabeth Phare (Mrs Duncan-Jones), who were closer to Richards than I was, but we all felt the new zest that he brought to our studies: there was no need to give in to what John Holloway has called 'the scientific intimidation'; we could be as intellectually strenuous as the scientists. Undergraduates were choosey about lecturers, but Richards's class-room was always packed. We all responded to the sense of seminal power in the early lectures where he re-expounded his recently published *Principles of Literary Criticism*, in the later Practical Criticism lectures, and others still where he introduced many of us to works not so much talked about then as now – Hopkins's poems, *The Turn of the Screw*, *Heart of Darkness* – that were to become part of our lives: for keeps.

Everyone knows of *Practical Criticism*, the book that came out of the lectures where Richards analysed what he quaintly called the protocols, the comments his audience had written on the unattributed poems handed out a fortnight before. The discovery that a majority of his audience, in Cambridge of all places, fumbled helplessly with poems when they were deprived of the support of Received Opinion was a shock that sent out seismic waves round the world. It didn't matter that, as was complained, there was little positive practical criticism in the book. What mattered was that we learnt from Richards that a poem demands uncommonly alert attention as well as leisurely reading and relaxed enjoyment; that the 'interinanimation' between the words of a poem sets up a process of imaginative understanding in the attentive reader; that there were mental habits unfavourable to reading poetry that we could observe, and discard. To teach people how to read, how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

properly to attend to their reading, was Richards's first, though not his only, aim as a teacher. Failure of communication at basic levels is still an everyday nuisance: failure to understand what is going on in master-works of imaginative thought is perhaps an even more fundamental cause of the contemporary chaos. The world still has much to learn from Richards's insistence on communicative skills and on right reading, 'right' here meaning not 'correct' but attentive.

Of course his reputation, like his interests, changed with the years. The psychology underlying *Principles* was tacitly dropped. Basic English, considered as a means of entry into a world language, to which Richards devoted so much of his energy, has had less impact than he hoped for. Practical Criticism is often, understandably, regarded askance: pupils 'do Prac. Crit.' in schools, and are naturally bored, unless they are exceptionally lucky in their teachers. But this is not the fault of those who, in England and America, made the revolution in English studies in the Twenties and Thirties: it is what happens when insight hardens into dogma and routine. Richards certainly asked you to *attend* to 'the words on the page', but the horizons were wide. When he took us through a few paragraphs of Chapter 15 in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, pausing to examine the meaning and possible implications of almost every phrase, he showed what happens when one comes to grips with thought that has a weight of experience behind it – thought that can be unfolded, questioned, applied, in the actively responding mind. More than anyone else, I think, he was the inspirer of the slowly gathering recognition of the importance of Coleridge in this age, and the title that Kathleen Coburn borrowed for her brilliant Coleridge anthology, *Enquiring Spirit*, could certainly be applied to him. Like Coleridge he insisted on minute particulars and particular acts of judgment; but his thought embraced such momentous matters as – to take but one example, from his late book, *Beyond* – the idea of Justice in Plato, Dante and the Book of Job.

There are other aspects of Richards's work that can only be touched on here. His poetry, which he started to write rather late in life, often has the power of compressing philosophic speculation – sometimes sombre, but always courageous and bracing – into short lines and sharp images. (He put great emphasis on reading aloud. He himself read beautifully, and in old age could fascinate youthful audiences, rightly suspicious of any mere 'act'. I hope that some record of his reading remains.) There is his work in the School of Education at Harvard. One would like, also, an account of his two-way relationship with China, a country that fascinated him.

But what one comes back to is the man behind the works, the spirit that informs them. Conor Cruise O'Brien has written affectionately of Richards's immediate rapport with his students when he and his wife, the inseparable companion of his travels, visited the University of Ghana (*Observer*, 9 September, 1979). Personal qualities determine the particular way a body of teaching continues to live. Richards was both sharp-minded and tolerant. In private he was always courteous, welcoming, and interested in what you said, pouncing on it sometimes from an unexpected angle and giving it a little shake; but he never imposed himself. As a teacher he wanted his pupils and readers to understand the common discourse, even when it was used in uncommon ways, as in poetry: after that, it was up to you. 'Whatever accounts of a poem are offered to the reader', he said, 'must leave him – in a very deep sense – free to choose, though they may supply wherewithal for exercise of choice' (Proem to *Goodbye Earth and Other Poems*). I think his was a pluralistic universe. Recently I read somewhere that 'complementarity' has become a nuisance-word. But for Richards the stress on 'Complementarities', as in his essay of that title, was not a signal that the life of the mind was a jolly party where no one was to be contradicted: it went with rigour, but a rigour that recognised that 'often the *life* we feel to animate a sign' – and 'sign' here has a wide application – 'may be from the vibrant interplay between rival interpretants – perhaps incompatible or even in seemingly mortal opposition'. Such interplay of understandings, beneath an over-arching concern for shared fundamentals, such as justice and mutual respect where respect is due, he saw as the only 'Design for Escape' in the nuclear age.

When I think of him now some lines addressed by Ben Jonson to John Selden come to mind. Jonson, taxing himself to make an honest and unflattering assessment of his friend's work, asks,

> Which Grace shall I make love to first?
> . . . is't your wealth and will
> T'instruct and teach? or your unweary'd paine
> Of Gathring? Bountie in pouring out againe?

Richards' 'gathering' ranged from Plato to contemporary linguistics. Very many, in different ways, have profited from his intellectual bounty. That may yet reach further shores than he imagined.

I. A. Richards

The First Lesson

Genesis 3, read as part of the broadcast Christmas service of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, 1975

The choirboy's crystal voice retells the Tale
Could mend and moral us, Church Fathers thought.
The Tale would have us maim our founding ought
And what most dignifies Man's state assail.

Obedience, first by her withheld from Wrong,
Declares our peerless Eve the original Saint
Whose fabled deed now frees us from attaint,
Now, at long last (what sinful years too long!)

Their saint, for those, her like, who dare aspire
'Gainst Holy Writ and its corrupted soul,
Against its grim reversal of our role –
To re-make Man, that helpless Deifier.

Why shrink, O Prince, from canonising Eve,
Although that Tale its own self misconceive?

Vernon Scannell

Nightflight

It is late. The music has been put to sleep.
Our pillows are unwelcoming as stones,
Small boulders wearing coverlets of snow;
Night's silences have nowhere else to go.
Then, out in the blind, enormous emptiness,
Dark wick of sound is lit, it blackly burns,
Soft drilling starts to probe the nervous ear,
A distant hum, it grows until we hear
Distinct annunciation from a cloud,
But even at full pitch it is not loud,
And very soon declivity begins.
It slides away; dark vacancy once more
Is perfect, brims the universal bowl.
Yet, while no words were uttered from above,
A statement has been made – not one we hoped for,
Nor one to unperplex or to console.

Harry Crews

A CHILDHOOD

"A stunning achievement . . . an unsentimentally tender account of how dirt-poor tenant farmers in backwoods Georgia survived during the Depression."

Clancy Sigal, **New Society**

"An excellent read and a splendid introduction to the world of Mr Crews' novels."

Stanley Reynolds, **Guardian**

£4.95

Secker & Warburg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dan Cruickshank

Significant Building

A Modern Theory of Architecture by BRUCE ALLSOPP *Routledge* £6.25

Alvar Aalto (Architectural Monographs 4) edited by Demetri Porphyrios *Academy Editions* £6.95

Hans Scharoun: A Monograph by PETER BLUNDELL JONES *Gordon Fraser* £12.95

Wells Coates: A Monograph by SHERBAN CANTACUZINO *Gordon Fraser* £12.50

Modern Houses in Britain 1919-1939 by JEREMY GOULD *Society of Architectural Historians of Great Britain* £10

The search for an appropriate architectural style or (to use a grander word) theory, goes on. 'Many friends', says Bruce Allsopp, 'have told me that it is impossible to write a modern theory of architecture . . . but unless architects themselves can have a coherent system of belief about architecture, understanding by the public may be impossible.' One understands what Bruce Allsopp means, but his book, *A Modern Theory of Architecture*, rather makes one wish he had listened to his friends.

Attempts to evolve universally applicable architectural theories have been one of the bugbears of generations of architects. I suppose one could blame it all on Vitruvius, whose ten books on architecture, written probably in the first century AD, became (despite being more a building manual than a theoretical book) a model for theorising Renaissance architects, such as Alberti, who were seeking elusive universal laws of harmony and proportion to apply to architecture. This way of thinking arrived in England for the first time in a big way in the early 18th century with the rise of the Palladians who imagined that they had inherited from the ancients an architectural style – via the work of the 16th-century Venetian Andrea Palladio – which was in accord with the very laws of nature. Those who ignored the obvious benefits of these rules were accused of being either ignorant or arrogant. Thus were dismissed the works of Wren, Vanbrugh and Hawksmoor by the book-reading, rule-following and ultimately boring Palladians. By the mid-Victorian era, the Palladian style was simply viewed as just one of the many historic styles with which to dabble to form an architectural style worthy of the British Empire. The modern movement of the early 20th century – though much else – was also another manifestation of the search for theory. But this theory was unlike others. It was based on moral attitudes rather than aesthetics. The modern movement wanted to build a better world – logical cities, healthy housing, happy factories. The Modernists believed that the function of a building should express itself honestly, and then the form (the aesthetic bit) would follow automatically.

Consequently, a factory would look like a factory, a house like a house. The days of wit, when terraces were designed to look like palaces (as with Nash in Regents Park) were regarded as decadent. Decoration, the appropriate design and use of which generations of architects had theorised and pondered over, was dismissed as arbitrary, illogical and irrelevent nonsense. But the theory did not work. Building technology and financial expediency took over and the logical cities envisaged by architects such as Le Corbusier manifested themselves in reality as the grim city centres we now avoid in Birmingham and Newcastle. Factories, housing and offices all tended to look depressingly similar. It is the collapse of this movement which has led to the current reactionary vogue for anarchy in architecture; skyscrapers decorated with broken pediments in New York (by Philip Johnson) and a university building in Louvain, Belgium, by Lucian Kroll, made up of a curious jumble of styles rammed together.

Plainly, it is this anarchy which has provoked Allsopp to ignore all the previous failures and have another go at finding a theory. To educate the mass of mediocre architects, Allsopp has produced 'a mosaic in which a multitude of parts are inter-related'. What this means is that each page in the book is divided into two with various simplified statements on one side such as: 'it is necessary for man to build', and on the other rather staccato phrases like: 'Architecture is significant building'. Meaning, I suppose, that insignificant building is building. Undoubtedly, architects do need educating, both in history and often in humility, as only a brief look at our surroundings shows. But this book is not the way to do it.

Perhaps a better way of making architects understand the essential qualities of good architecture is not to bore them with spurious rules, but simply to show them the work of good architects. Certainly there seems to be an increasing number of publishers who think this; the architectural publishing world is becoming bloated with monographs on the worthy moderns. One of the publishers leading in this field is Academy editions, which has published several monographs on such as Frank Lloyd Wright and C. R. Mackintosh, and has now produced one on that enigmatic member of the modern movement – Alvar Aalto. All architects over 40 have been brought up to worship the genius of Aalto. To their generation he represented the flowering and justification of a movement which was obviously beginning to go sour. To the younger generation, at which this publishing house apparently aims, this book now reveals the other side of Aalto. As research uncovers more of his own writing, Aalto's image as a Finnish Mies (the man who popularised glass and steel shoe-box architecture, found so memorable by city dwellers throughout the world) will likewise diminish.

In the same mould, though far better written, are two monographs from the house of Gordon Fraser: *Hans Scharoun* by Peter Blundell Jones, and *Wells Coates* by Sherban Cantacuzino. Both were masters of the modern movement, but both were also pleasantly individualist to the point of eccentricity.

Scharoun, a particularly hard-line German modernist of the 1920s, was forced by the late 1930s to modify his designs to suit Hitler's ideas on popular housing. Instead of austere facades and flat roofs Scharoun was forced to build in a more traditional Germanic style and covered his houses with deeply pitched roofs and lit them with folksy windows. This repression could be seen as the best thing that ever happened to Scharoun, for it forced him to invent ingenious organic interiors as a way of getting his modernist enthusiasms off his chest. These late 1930s interiors are some of the best designs produced by the movement.

Wells Coates's eccentricities were a little more obvious. He had a liking for wearing kimonos around the house (he was brought up in Japan, as much of his architecture shows) and designed not just buildings but radios, chairs and boats. Both these monographs are essential reading for anyone trying to understand the modern movement, but also cheering reading for they do show that the modern movement, despite all the architectural and environmental horrors its followers later produced, did once have a human face. A view which is pleasantly supported by an interesting little book recently written by Jeremy Gould on *Modern Houses in Britain, 1919-1939*. Gould has exhaustively collected together photographs, locations, and dates for all the houses built during this period which even remotely qualify as products of the modern movement. And, I must say, seen from this viewpoint – most of the houses are small freestanding country houses with a jewel-like clarity of design and construction – one understands why the modern movement theory got so many discriminating people so excited.

SIMONE BENMUSSA
playwright, director, *femme de theâtre,* feminist, long a cult figure in Paris, took London by storm with her outstanding productions of Hélène Cixous's *Portrait of Dora* in May and her own *Albert Nobbs* last year. *Benmussa Directs* contains both plays and an important introduction to them (£5.95 & £2.95 paper). Ionesco's latest plays are in *Plays Volume Eleven* (£5.95), including *The Man with the Luggage*, last year's Paris hit.

LAMAAR RANSOME Private Eye
by David Galloway (£5.95) is a hilarious detective novel in the Chandler vein, set in LA, with a blonde bombshell of special sexual tastes as the protagonist. Michael Brodsky's *Detour* (£7.95) introduces a major new American novelist and in its film-buff hero taps a whole new milieu of US life. An American classic, *The Ghostly Tales of Washington Irving* (£4.95) makes one of the greatest storytellers available again.

BLACK FEMINISM
comes of age with *Black Macho* by Michele Wallace (£5.95 and £2.50 paper) whose devastingly well-targeted attack on black male attitudes and the myths surrounding black men and women, sexually, politically and historically, is of importance to every person concerned about modern society ("masterful, full and sane"-*Gay News*). Other important *Platform Books* are Robert Jungk's *The Nuclear State* (£5.95 and £2.95 paper), an authoritative attack on the nuclear establishment and where it is leading us, and *Policing the Police* (£6.95 & £2.95 paper), revealing the alarming growth in police powers.

SAMUEL BECKETT's
All Strange Away (£4.50) is the latest of his residua to be released, powerful, poetic, pertinent. Poetic too is *People and Weather* by P. J. Kavanagh (£2.50 paper), a stylistic contrasting of two couples seen against their country backgrounds, a masterpiece of the modern nature novel. Totally different is the violence of *The Man Who Travelled on Motorways* (5.95) by Trevor Hoyle, combining fantasy with distortion in the driver's fevered mind.

JOHN CALDER (Publishers) LTD.
18 Brewer Street,
London W1R 4AS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ian Linden

Priests and Politics

Christian Faith and Political Hopes: A Reply to E. R. Norman by CHARLES ELLIOTT, DUNCAN B. FORRESTER, PETER HINCHCLIFF, DANIEL JENKINS, DAVID JENKINS, JOHN KENT, JAMES MARK, ROBERT MOORE, HADDON WILLMER *Epworth* £1.75

A History of African Christianity 1950-1975 by ADRIAN HASTINGS *Cambridge* £15 and £4.95

Religion and the Persistence of Capitalism by RONALD H. PRESTON *SCM* £6.95

British political culture has maintained a long and gentlemanly relationship with religious radicalism. Anglicans and Methodists have generally had the confidence to speak out most, while Catholics were preoccupied with losing their Irish accents. The social configuration of the Christian Church and sects has been a definable, though changing, quantity in British politics. Padua, Professor Antonio Negri and the Latin excesses of Radio Onda Rossa seem as distant from Peterhouse, Dr Edward Norman and the BBC as does the Ayatollah.

Distances are deceptive, though, and the Reith lectures last year on religion and politics were something of an alarm signal. Changes more profound than Catholicism's move upstage have been taking place. Latin American liberation theology is here to stay. The World Council of Churches evokes far more than tolerant titters in the Press. Christianity has not been providing Britain's ruling elites with the ideological fare to which they are accustomed. It was time for a helping of platonism for the people.

The reaction to Dr Norman's insubstantial lectures, among which *Christian Faith and Political Hopes* offers a broad Protestant spectrum, has perhaps been more weighty than they merited. Despite a scholarly reputation derived from his history of Anglican social thought, Norman's sallies into Latin America, the Soviet Union and southern Africa produced enough howlers to discredit his central argument about the 'politicisation' of the churches. As John Kent suggests, it is essential for Norman's thesis to assert that liberation theology finds its roots outside Latin American Catholic culture. What the Dean of Peterhouse made of the Puebla conference, marked by an underlying confict between indigenous liberation theologians and a powerful minority of conservative but Europeanising bishops, would be interesting to know. Not even the Christian socialist F. D. Maurice is permitted by Norman to derive his social ethics from his theological beliefs. Only Muslims these days, it seems, have the privilege of reforming society from the purest of religious motives.

It is ironical that the basic theme of the Reith lectures – how Christianity has surrendered 'its unique claims to an understanding of the nature of man' to the secular political goals of the WCC and a false belief in human perfectibility – has a Barthian ring. For, as the church historian Peter Hinchcliff points out, the corruptibility of man is the central tenet of the neo-Calvinist Karl Barth whose thinking was indelibly stamped on the embryo organisation of the WCC at the outbreak of the second world war. A reaction against liberal Protestantism's facile belief in human progress, with stress on the absolute transcendence of God and the autonomy of theology, Barth's *Church Dogmatics* – certainly the greatest theological treatise since Aquinas – towered over the European Churches after the post-war reconstruction. It was from the Barthian subsoil of the Declaration of Barmen and his repudiation of the racist 'German Christians' group that the first general-secretary of the WCC, Visser d'Hooft, drew his theological commitment to the setting up of a Programme to Combat Racism in the late 1960s. Yet this programme in action, providing symbolic gifts to liberation movements, is now attacked as the ultimate *trahison des clercs* before secularism.

The Churches' experience of Fascism was undoubtedly a turning point in European Christianity that greatly influenced the foreign missions. As might be expected, imperialism has always carried abroad the Churches' relationship with the European working class. The Great London Dock Strike put paid to the unthinking Toryism of more than one Christian later to become an obstinately anti-colonial missionary, and the later influence of men like Ben Tillett and Keir Hardie on several Edwardian Anglicans at Toynbee Hall was considerable. The Fascist mob on Europe's pavements, and co-operation with communists in the Resistance, had no less an impact on post-war missionaries to Africa. Many of Bishop Donal Lamont's denunciations of the Rhodesian Front were informed by his experiences in Mussolini's Rome of the 1930s. Both he, and Visser d'Hooft, from very different Christian traditions, described racism as 'a moral heresy' in Africa.

Adrian Hastings, in his survey of African Christianity from 1950 to 1975, describes the immediate post-war years as the high water mark of the Roman Catholic Church, with the Christian Democrat parties of Adenauer, De Gasperi, Bidault and Schuman more congenial to Rome 'than any it had to live with for a hundred years'. Notwithstanding, the 1940 Concordat with Salazar was never revoked and gave rise to a Portuguese National Church in Mozambique with the resultant strongly anti-Christian ideology of FRELIMO. But Hastings misses the subtle and varied undercurrents from the experience of the European Churches that were formative in creating attitudes to colonial governments at levels less elevated than that of the Vatican. The Burgos Fathers who provided Hastings with details of the Wiriamu massacres were seen as seditious both in Mozambique and in settler Rhodesia, living close to the people and embracing their political concerns. The Scots Presbyterians in Malawi and the Anglicans in Namibia both formed close ties with more-or-less radical nationalist movements and such political experience has fed back into the life of the parent Churches.

Unfortunately, Hastings provides no antidote here to the hopeless confusion of terms currently used by religious journalists. Churchmen may be radical because they allow African drums in church, ordain women, or call for the abolition of private property. Is Pope John Paul: (a) good because he condemns imperialism in his encyclicals; (b) bad because he will not allow a married clergy; (c) middling because he has a penchant for Marian piety and builds himself a swimming pool the better to pontificate on social justice in a virile old age? That is the level of much religious journalism today.

A refreshing aspect of Ronald Preston's 1977 Maurice lectures, *Religion and the Persistence of Capitalism*, is that they take for granted that the idiosyncrasies of Church order and worship are apolitical. What consenting adult Christians do in their churches is irrelevant in a secular plural society. The Christian Churches' social teaching is not – for example Preston claims that the Catholic theme of subsidiarity in *Quadragesimo Anno* favoured the creation of Mussolini's corporate state. The nub of the problem is presented with disarming simplicity: 'But to say that socialism is not about immediate issues of public policy but about basic moral or Christian issues is to imply that non-socialists are in important respects immoral or unchristian.'

'It is not an issue which is so clear cut', the reader is re-assured. Politics should be about penultimate issues. But the question arises: who consigns issues like racism, abortion and nuclear warfare to the 'ultimate' or 'penultimate' categories? Who removes questions from the realm of practical politics to utopian socialism, and vice-versa? Much of what seems given to a Professor of Social and Pastoral Theology at the University of Manchester is far from given for significant numbers of European youth. As a Labour Party member recently remarked, 'If you want a radical party, join the World Council.'

Published this week

THE ILLUSTRATED ORIGIN OF SPECIES

Charles Darwin's classic work in a version for today's readers.
Text abridged and introduced by Richard E. Leakey,
with numerous photographs, line drawings and explanatory diagrams in colour and black-and-white. £8.95

FABER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheila Rowbotham

Dissolving the Hyphen

Capitalist Patriarchy and the Case for Socialist Feminism edited by Zillah R. Eisenstein *Monthly Review Press* £9.75 and £3.50

> Although we feel connected to the struggles of the left, our experience and our history teach us that a male dominated revolutionary movement can ignore our oppression in the name of its own priorities and expediency.

Recognitions similar to this one, from the Berkeley-Oakland Women's Union, quoted by Zillah Eisenstein's anthology, have become common in the last decade among socialist women and feminists drawn towards socialism through the women's movement. These have been so persistent that it is now no longer possible for any socialist movement to dismiss completely the liberation of women with the sneers that women encountered in the 1960s. But on what terms will the left relate to feminism? By now, many women feel wary enough of token acceptance to insist that we shall always need our feminism as much as our socialism. Recently, this wariness has begun to cohere internationally as 'socialist-feminism' or 'marxist-feminism' or 'anarchist-feminism' – labels which include women who see the need to work with men against capitalist society and imperialism, while insisting that the areas of conflict between women and men, along with women's specific oppression as a sex and its consequences for men, are not obscured. An autonomous socialist feminist movement without a women's liberation movement would be stranded indeed.

There is an obvious awkwardness in straddling socialism and feminism and it is with this that Zillah Eisenstein's anthology engages. Contributor Rosalind Petchevsky quotes Mary Baily at a US conference in 1977: 'We are Marxists to our feminist sisters and feminists to our Marxist brothers.' It has felt to many women like living within two separate selves which keep trying to go off in different directions.

Rosalind Petchsky describes how topics for discussion in her socialist-feminist group divided into 'heavy' public subjects and 'soft' personal ones. It has contributed to a realisation, in Petchsky's words, of the need to 'dissolve the hyphen' and this anthology provides some important indications of how we might go about it.

Zillah Eisenstein writes in the introduction that it is not simply a matter of adding one theory to the other but '. . . rather redefining each through the conflict that derives from and between both traditions'. Because of our experiences in the women's movement, socialist-feminists have mainly concentrated on the inadequacies of Marxism in its present form to illumine women's oppression. We have assailed the emphasis on production, in the sense of work for wages, and the lack of development of Marxist ideas about biological reproduction, the division of labour between the sexes, domestic labour, child care, sexuality and relationships of kin. We have also criticised the persistent tendency among socialists to identify production as the material world and therefore 'real' in opposition to an airy-fairy women's oppression. Socialist-feminism has been part of the growing awareness among socialists that culture, sexuality and the family are not to be found floating vaguely in the stratosphere but are themselves part of our material lives.

It is always difficult to reveal at once what is specific to women in the process of transforming the boundaries between the sexes. Recently, women examining wage work have pointed out that the feminist emphasis upon the family, which was a necessary counter to the left's preoccupation with production, still does not overcome the problem. We need a socialist-feminist approach to the labour market as well as to the home and to the 'personal' issues which the women's movement has brought into politics. Otherwise we shall set up a dualism between biological reproduction and production in which it is assumed that men play no part in the former and women are not crucially involved in the latter.

Zillah Eisenstein opens up yet another perspective, arguing that Marx's dialetical and historical approach to class power can usefully be applied to relations between the sexes. She presents an alternative to the impasse inherent in the idea of oppression in which the victim can be *described* but remains passive, or in the fatalism in which the oppressed become no more than the constructs of capitalism:

> Woman is structured by what she is today – and this defines real possibilities for tomorrow, but what she is today does not determine the outer limits of her capacities or potentialities.

Part of the difficulty in the relationship of feminism and Marxism is not simply that Marxism has been male-dominated but that feminism has very different intellectual roots – in utopian socialism, in the concept of rights (the right of control over one's own person) and in a radical moral notion of justice.

The radical feminist tradition carried some of the strengths and weaknesses of early American radicalism. It retained something of the fearless vision of a world made perfect which could sweep all difficulties before it. But this combined with a tendency to look not for historical sources of antagonism which could make human action possible, but for a single and universally applicable key to the liberation of women. I think this has made feminism peculiarly resistant to being historically self-reflective. There is a persistent tendency still to ignore what Linda Gordon terms in her essay the 'varieties and oppositions' within feminism. She is careful to explain that the working definition of 'feminism', 'an analysis of women's subordination for the purpose of figuring out how to change it' is not 'a moral category, an imprimatur to bestow upon those we agree with'.

We need to understand much more about how the shape of feminism, like socialism and indeed Marxism, has been affected by the varying social positions of their supporters and the political possibilities open to them in different periods. This historical consciousness of a feminist tradition might enable us to be much less defensive about the class and race biases present within various definitions of feminist politics. One of the sources of black women's suspicion of feminism, for example, has been precisely the confusion between birth control and population control which Linda Gordon describes. A group of black feminists, the Combahee River Collective, comment drily in their contribution on the biological determinism which runs through some strands of radical feminism. They also explain the difficulty which black women who are also socialist feminists face in fighting on so many fronts at once. They express an approach to organising and ideas which carries the influence of the American new Left in the mid-Sixties:

> We believe in collective process and a non-hierarchical distribution of power within our group and in our vision of a revolutionary society. We are committed to a continual examination of our politics as they develop through criticism and self-criticism as an essential aspect of our practice.

The whole approach of this anthology is to see theory and practice in the *process* of developing. Nancy Harock develops this point in her essay:

> Feminists argue that the role of theory is to take seriously the idea that all of us are theorists. The role of theory, then, is to articulate for us what we know from our practical activity, to bring out and make conscious the philosophy embedded in our lives.

She does not really go into some of the more awkward permutations of this. What happens when socialist-feminist theory becomes partly an academic product and acquires a status within a professional hierarchy as well as being the creation of a movement which seeks a democratic relationship of ideas? Is there a particular kind of political activity which only socialist-feminists practise? Or is socialist-feminism an *approach* to politics in general?

Jean Gardiner argues that in capitalist society women's work in the family is not an equal exchange of services in return for a portion of the male wage. Mary Ryan and Nancy Choderow look at how mothering has assumed different historical meanings and show how it is always more complex than the issue of domestic labour. This distinction tended to get lost in the initial enthusiasm to set an economic estimate on women's work in the home: housework and child care were often conflated. Nancy Choderow stresses again the question of relationships in the family, for instance the way women often act as stabilisers of tension. Carolee Bengelsdorf, Alice Hageman, Margaret Randall and Judith Stacey analyse sensitively the situation of women in Cuba and China. Heidi Hartman and Margery Davies tackle the daunting problem of tracing changes in the way work has been divided between the sexes historically. Heidi Hartman includes a clear and useful summary of the various theories about the origins of inequality.

RALPH STEADMAN
will be signing copies of his
Sigmund Freud
(Paddington Press: £8.95*)*
at BERNARD STONE-TURRET BOOKSHOP
43 Floral Street, Covent Garden,
London WC2E9DW (01-836 7557)
on Monday 24 Sept. 1979, 12-2 p.m.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patricia Craig

Battery Iron

A Revenger's Comedy by DERWENT MAY *Chatto* £5.95
Treasures of Time by PENELOPE LIVELY *Heinemann* £4.95
Frontiers by LORNA PEGRAM *Gollancz* £5.95
A Pillar of Cloud by PADDY KITCHEN *Hamish Hamilton* £5.50

Contemporary fiction abounds in innocent young men beset by disasters, all derived in one way or another from the hero of Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*. The mild character to whom things happen is always rich in comic potential. Derwent May's narrator is in this tradition, but he is not so much the subject of mishap as the observer of social discord on an extravagant scale. To be sure, he is often alarmed and bemused by the antics he is privileged to witness, and he does participate in the schemes and scenarios of others; but he is too knowing and adaptable to remain for long the butt of anyone's misguided venom. 'You've come on well during this week, John. . .' he is told. 'Much less of a prig, much more of a shit.'

John Berry is the temporary neighbour of a nervous, evasive and demented old gentleman named Pirates, who, for reasons of his own, assembles on his lawn a frightful bunch of literary and other celebrities. They are waiting for a dinner party which is to be televised, and they're kept on the spot by lavish supplies of food and drink. 'Feed 'em up,' says Pirates, who at this moment is in the comic-sinister mode. Actually, it is easy to surmise what the host is up to; his intentions are plain from the fifth page, and the title too is explicit enough. If there is one thing, however, that the book doesn't hark back to, it is the 17th century. Its quips and jibes are all in the style of the present-day diatribe. It's a piece of full-blooded satire that verges on buffoonery – not astringent or straight-faced comedy which is based on a judical transcription of sentiments and phrases from real life, but an elaborate mixture of the eccentric and the outrageous. In fact, the narrative departs from reality at one point only: the characters are not subject to normal social pressures which restrain displays of egotism. The results of this freedom, which ensue without any sense of contrivance, are naturally startling.

One of the author's tricks is to supply each individual with a giveaway appendage. The bombastic interviewer, for example, carries a couple of inflated cushions, and the left-wing journalist is so smooth that she travels everywhere with a battery iron ('A battery hen?' asks another of the guests). There's a bad-tempered poet who keeps falling foul of waiters: the first is a versifying black who he thinks is mocking him, and the second corrects his Latin at the dinner table. Another member of the cast is a disagreeable artist named Hole. Each of the guests is thoroughly experienced in the exercise of discomfiture. Wit and ingenuity are pushed beyond the bounds of the plausible or credible; what is presented is the fullest expression of each person's peculiarities. An oblique point is made by the presence of more-than-lifesize dolls created by the Scotsman Hole – and just occasionally there is a feeling of discrepancy between the natural behaviour of John Berry and the excesses of the others. But the book is consistently funny and invigorating – malice and innuendo are transformed into high entertainment.

A more orthodox television production is the subject of *Treasures of Time*. The overt subject at any rate: Penelope Lively has always been preoccupied with time, continuity and patterns of accretion, and these are no less integral to her adult than her juvenile fiction. History and archaeology provide the means to rationalise the obsession, and these disciplines loom in the background of her new novel. A documentary series is to feature the work of the late Hugh Paxton, celebrated for his excavations at a site in Wiltshire named Charlie's Tump. Relatives and associates of the famous man are invited to take part. His daughter Kate introduces into the group a research student named Tom Rider whose perceptions and presumptions are central to the theme. Tom's moderately sardonic views on the national heritage, the wry conclusions he comes to after spending a day with a party of Japanese tourists, his half-mocking relation with the image of himself as a clever working-class boy – these are among the highlights of a story that is never dull, though it is too often glib and easy-going. It lacks the build-up of psychic pressure and the clarity of tone which are the hallmarks of her children's books.

Frontiers, like its predecessor *Blood and Fire*, might have appeared on a children's list without loss of credibility. It belongs in the category of novels that can hardly be called adult, whatever their subject-matter, because they fail to achieve the inner tension and complexity of serious fiction. They attain, at best, a kind of blandness and lightness of touch. This one is about a student trip to Czechoslovakia in 1946. Penn Carr, who acquired a posh accent as an evacuee in the earlier novel, in the sequel acquires a mature outlook which she expresses at the end in terms appropriate to the completed journey: 'life issued no return tickets'. It has taken a murder (implausible) and a great deal of political theorising (superficial) to bring her to this conclusion.

Paddy Kitchen's title is also a metaphor: to see a pillar of cloud as a phallic image is to indicate something about the nature of her central erotic relationship. It's hardly substantially based. In fact the novelist has handicapped herself badly by cramming an excess of sexual activity into the first few pages, so that the rest of the narrative reads as protracted anticlimax. There is nothing in the plot to work up interest at any other level. It is very simple: a couple of strangers meet at a teachers' conference, and decide to spend the next four days together. Once the moments of rapture are over, there is simply nothing left to say or do. So the reader is let in for the personal history of both characters up to this point. It is enough to say that neither protagonist is in any dimension either amusing or memorable.

John Mole

The Journey

His lost face travels with him on
the glass
Deep into tunnels he has never dared
to name,
Ignites explosive sunlight, cries 'Alas'
Then finds another landscape
where those same
Abandoned features peer back
through broad day,
Reprint indifference, give no
game away.

The carriage speeds on smoothly
over tracks
Worn whistle-clean punctilious.
He tries
To sit back, plan adventures and relax,
Allowed some larger scene to
monarchise,
But always, like a half-developed plate,
That ghost reproaches him: Too
late, too late.

Out there the grass grows wilder,
water shines
From tense horizons twilight sets
on edge;
He gazes boldly now, his heart inclines
To feel it might still dare –
self-knowledge
Would not come before, but face
to face
He'll move towards the window just
in case.

Then, as he takes each step, such
darkness fills
The space behind him that there
seems no choice;
A final landscape beckons and distills
Essential emptiness into a voice –
'At last' it cries; he sees no face appear,
And crying too 'At last, at last'
leaps clear.

Books in English & Serbo-Croat from Yugoslavia
an exhibition
organised by COLLET's and JUGOSLOVENSKA KNJIGA
SEPTEMBER 20th to OCTOBER 6th
COLLET'S INTERNATIONAL BOOKSHOP
129/121 Charing Cross Road
London WC2H 0EQ. Telephone: 01-734 0782
Open: Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri 9.00 – 7.00
Thurs 9.00 – 8.00 Sat 9.30 – 6.00.
Collet's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Gerald Rabkin

Richard of Third Avenue

Should Shakespeare for Americans be British? The question – with all its nationalist resonances – came to a head recently in the United States with the initiation of the ambitious Time-Life/BBC project to produce jointly a complete video record of Shakespeare's canon over the next six years. Despite generally excellent response to the project's first efforts, the disquieting question for Americans remains (raised most aggressively, but by no means exclusively, by American Actors' Equity): Should American audiences be presented with a 'definitive' Shakespeare *completely* British in artistic execution? (British Equity drove in the nationalist nail by vetoing the participation of even James Earl Jones as Othello.)

The case for a British Shakespeare for Americans was made by the television critic of the *New York Times*, John J. O'Connor: 'Shakespeare is an English dramatist. Purely in terms of establishing a new and complete visual record of his stupendous repertory, authentic English accents are required.' Joseph Papp, the foremost advocate of an American Shakespeare, angrily attacked this 'Anglophilic myth' that only the British can properly perform the world's greatest playwright; he counter-argued that

> the combination of the American realistic school of acting and the vitality of our best speech not only serves Shakespeare effectively, but ironically appeals to British audiences raised on a conventional diet of oratory and outmoded styles of Shakespearean delivery.

For Papp, the debate has not been academic. A quarter of a century ago he founded the New York Shakespeare Festival, dedicated to producing free, accessible Shakespeare for New Yorkers of all classes. Overcoming the intransigence of bureaucrats and other obstacles, Papp succeeded in establishing a permanent outdoor amphitheatre in Central Park as well as a permanent indoor multi-theatre complex, the Public Theatre, in the old Astor Library on Lafayette Street. His energies expanded on to Broadway – most successfully with *A Chorus Line* – and (briefly) into Lincoln Center. Like the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre since its reinvigoration as the RSC, Papp continually affirmed that commitment to Shakespeare is enriched by commitment to contemporary diversity.

No figure of his aggressive dominance could remain uncontroversial; through the years Papp's great virtue has been the fervour of his convictions, a fierce loyalty – even if at times misguided – to those ideas and artists in which he has faith. Recently, he stirred a new tempest by establishing a Shakespearean troupe comprised of black and Hispanic actors. Papp's perennial battle against pallid American pseudo-British versions of the Bard had seen such successes as his own free-wheeling pastiche of *Hamlet* and A. J. Antoon's Americana-laden *Much Ado About Nothing*; now, Papp was determined to enter black and Hispanic energies into the fray.

Last spring's initial forays at the Public Theatre – *Julius Caesar* and *Coriolanus* – drew troubled responses. Above all, there was the problem of speech. Apart from the question of ethnic accents, there were unignorable difficulties of articulation. All – Papp included – agreed that there were indeed speech deficiencies; but Papp insisted that training and experience would provide remedies. Why, then, expose the actors publically *before* they were comfortable with Shakespeare's language? Because, in Papp's view, the virtue of their dynamism, the power of new American cadences, more than compensated for occasional unclarity.

To many sympathetic to Papp's goals – including this writer – the basic difficulty with *Caesar* and *Coriolanus* was *not* unclarity or even inconsistency of speech, but the inability to find a transcending expressive voice. Energy was dissipated because language was a barrier, a fortress which the actors, with varying degrees of success, desperately assaulted in their reach towards meaning. Rather than find a way through the language to sense – a transparency achieved by the best British classical acting – the black and Hispanic actors were blocked precisely by what Papp wanted to avoid: a dictional model of what Shakespeare *should* sound like, more often than not, ironically, the British anti-model.

Coriolanus is a play with particular third-world relevance: it is about leaders and followers, violence and social revolt. It is about betrayal and contempt for the fickleness of the masses. But with the exception of certain minor characters, particularly Clebert Ford as the demagogic tribune, Sicinius, everyone was so anxious to prove that he or she could *do* Shakespeare that urgency dissolved in wordy impenetrability. When Coriolanus spat out his defiant 'You common cry of Curs!' Morgan Freeman's hatred was blunted by his distrust of formal alliteration. The undeniable vitality of black/Hispanic theatre was submerged. The public *Coriolanus* was not too black and Hispanic; it was not black and Hispanic enough.

Papp recognized that there were problems but, true to form, remained staunchly committed to the company. He vowed to continue, though he did acknowledge misdirection by announcing that British expatriate director Michael Langham, who had been chosen to head the company, had withdrawn. Papp decided to reopen *Coriolanus* as the first production in the Festival's annual free Shakespeare in Central Park, redirected by a white American Wilford Leach. For the second summer offering Leach would direct an *Othello* which would *not* be based on the black-Hispanic company, but which would star the Puerto Rican-American actor Raul Julia as the Moor and Richard Dreyfuss as Iago.

The *Coriolanus*, though much improved by Leach and/or experience, still suffered from its earlier liabilities, but the *Othello* proved a qualified success. Julia gave a performance which showed the vitality of American Shakespeare, capturing much of Othello's nobility and passion without shedding his own distinctive Hispanic intonations. Julia's speech not only established Othello's 'otherness', but renewed the role's familiar poetry. Since Paul Robeson the American tradition has been for Othello to be played by a black actor. As we know, the tragedy continually underlines the imagery and prejudices of race: 'An old black ram is tupping your white ewe.' But, if we are to take Shakespeare literally, Othello is a Moor, and Moors are Moslem people of mixed Arab and Berber descent. A Hispanic actor, then, is as ethnically valid or invalid as an Afro-American. And Julia's Hispanic heritage added another dimension: his cultural understanding of the *macho* terror of cuckoldry made Othello's rapid surrender to the 'green-eyed monster' of jealousy particularly credible.

The production's major liability was Othello's antagonist, Iago. Richard Dreyfuss's performance, I fear, proved that the problem of playing Shakespeare for Americans is not limited to blacks and Hispanics. Dreyfuss is an actor whose energy and intelligence project well on screen. But he moves uncertainly and his stage voice – high-pitched and unresonant – is inadequate. No matter how assiduously he mustered his intelligence (and it *was* in evidence), his Iago was doomed from the opening bell. We never believed that this pallid intriguer could set the tragic events of the play in motion. At times Dreyfuss did succeed in touching Iago's cynical naturalism. But the essential quality of will was always absent. Dreyfuss could not capture the intensity of Iago's self-belief, his conviction that others are objects to be manipulated in the service of a self-fulfilling prophecy of man's irredeemable bestiality.

That an actor of Dreyfuss's popular reputation would attempt Iago (or Cassius, which he played last year at the Brooklyn Academy of Music) is in America, if not in England, an unusual event. Although many successful American actors desperately seek what British actors take for granted – the renewing challenge of the world's greatest roles – their opportunities are sporadic and risky. Few American stars are willing to face the glare of publicity in roles in which they are unsure. At home with the mute eloquence of realism, they have no strong classical tradition to draw upon. Whatever their artistic aspirations, they are understandably wary of climbing out on a poetic limb that scrupulous critics are eager to saw off.

Another star willing to accept the risks is Al Pacino. Since his movie success with *The Godfather*, Pacino has not severed his theatrical roots. Between films he has tried several major stage roles – but outside the ferocious limelight of New York. This year he decided to bring his Richard III to town – and it was clearly a different matter. His reputation assured full houses, but 27 'previews' before the critics were invited revealed considerable artistic insecurity.

Indeed there was so strong an element of parody – even self-parody – in his performance that most critics greeted it with derision. In portraying the most notable villian in British drama, Pacino almost caressed Richard's mercurial moods, from smirky self-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

congratulation at the success of his nefarious schemes to brutal explosions of wrath. These geysers of near-rant (which set the stage awash) diminished suddenly to the throaty Italianate cadences of godfather cajolery. And his sardonic asides to the audience assumed the almost conversational tone of street-wise confidant. His fricative Rs and dentalized Ds and Ts transported Richard undeniably to the sidewalks of New York. 'Richard of Third Avenue,' Walter Kerr dubbed him.

If there was a spine to the outsized characterisation, it was perhaps the line stated by Richard not in this play but in *Henry VI, Part 3*; 'I am myself alone'. In short, the monstrous image of the Tudor party line.

Television – 1

Trevor Preston

The Fourth Channel

The Annan Committee report, published in 1977, recommended the creation of an independent fourth television channel under a new authority, the OBA. While the fourth channel would be free to transmit programmes from any source, including the BBC and the commercial companies, its main function, said Annan, should be to act as a 'publisher' for the work of independent producers. These proposals were shelved when Mrs Thatcher's Government took office. In the Queen's Speech it was announced that the fourth channel – due to start broadcasting in 1982 – would be entrusted to the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA), the body which awards franchises to the commercial companies grouped in the Independent Television Companies Association (ITCA) – what most laymen refer to as ITV.

On 14 September the Home Secretary, William Whitelaw, clarified the Government's approach:

> The IBA will be expected to develop a distinctive service on the fourth channel . . . it should be designed to give new opportunities to creative people in British TV . . . to extend the range of programmes available . . . to find new ways of serving minority and specialised audiences . . . to make arrangements for the largest practicable proportion of programmes on the fourth channel to be supplied by organisations and persons other than the companies contracted to provide programmes on ITV-1.

This last assurance may go some way to allay the fears of the 'independent' producers whose hopes had been pinned on the Annan Report (against which, it should be added, the ITCA companies engaged in high-powered lobbying, offering the unions representing TV writers, actors, musicians and technicians all manner of dreamland promises if only the fourth channel franchises could be theirs and theirs alone. And since the Queen's Speech the ITV companies have been pressing the Broadcasting Department of the Home Office, which is responsible for drafting the impending legislation, that they alone possess the staff, facilities, funds and expertise to run the fourth channel.)

Contesting ITV's claims has been the Channel Four Group, which includes members of the Association of Directors and Producers, and enjoys the broad support of the broadcasting unions. The Group demands: (1) a TV4 board answerable to the IBA alone; (2) a Programme Controller who, once appointed, should have no connection with the 'existing duopoly' and who should be free to schedule independently of ITV; (3) a build-up of hours for TV4 with no less than 50 per cent of the channel programming coming from sources independent of the BBC and ITV; (4) guaranteed finance for the channel which should be both independent and adequate to fund programme needs so that 'no organisation has a lien on programme time'.

The fourth channel – 4,000 extra hours of airtime per year – debate has been almost exclusively an internal one, by professionals for professionals, and the public be damned. It was refreshing to hear at this year's Edinburgh International Television Festival from Dick Hill, RTE-2's first programme controller, that his new channel came into being very much by public consensus and by referendum. It is also interesting to note that surveys carried out by Leicester University's mass communication research centre, commissioned by the Annan Committee, showed that 63 per cent of the people questioned were opposed to the idea of a fourth channel, and when asked how, if there *was* a fourth channel they would best like to see it used, the majority preference was for local television. I mention this not because I personally question the need for a fourth (fifth, sixth, seventh . . .) channel but because it seems to me that genuine public debate on broadcasting is almost nil and those individuals inside the magic circle of the television industry who are campaigning for greater public involvement, for more access, for broadening the base of television, for the plurality of broadcasting, are looked upon as being at best misguided idealists, at worst dangerous dreamers. With a technological revolution quite as significant as the industrial revolution almost here, with satellites, fibre-optics, and the potential choice of viewing very much increased by the projected boom in sales of VCR and video discs, it would seem to me that people like John Birt, controller of features and current affairs at LWT, the John the Baptist of pluralist broadcasting, should be listened to very seriously. If the democratisation of broadcasting is considered necessary and desirable (and in simple political terms this is a very big if), we are fast approaching the right time once and for all to lay to rest the Reithian concept of an elite producing for the public what that elite thinks is good for it.

Two main points were established at the Festival discussion. The first, forcefully argued by Jeremy Isaacs in his MacTaggart Memorial Lecture, was that it is the BBC that sets the standard of television in this country, and therefore it is imperative that the BBC is adequately (realistically) funded. If, as is obviously necessary, the BBC is to be able to make long term plans, it is essential to have a firm financial base from which to do so. The present absurdities, current debts of £40 millions and a totally inadequate annual licence fee, are causing a loss of confidence at the BBC, and in more practical terms the loss of essential, highly-skilled technicians and production staff. It seemed to be generally agreed, and there were a number of the hard men of Independent Television present – the ratings commandos – that a fourth channel contributing to a ratings war with the BBC would succeed only in a general lowering of standards in British television. But the question has to be asked, if, as was ambitiously mooted, the new channel were to attract a very respectable 10 per cent minority audience, where would it come from: the BBC? It has been said many times, most recently by Alasdair Milne, Managing Director of BBC TV, that 'We have always said that we could not maintain our place in British broadcasting on a 60-40 split. It would make it increasingly difficult, politically, to maintain the licence fee system.' Equally the present ITCA companies, or at least those lucky money-printers who win a franchise allocation in the near future, will not take kindly to a fourth channel attempting to poach a substantial part of its audience. It is quite clear that with the advent of a fourth channel the somewhat entrenched attitudes of all three existing channels will have to be modified. Indeed there was a hint of changing attitudes when Robin Scott, Deputy Managing Director of BBC TV, was brave enough to commit the ultimate heresy by quietly suggesting that the BBC's obsession with maintaining at least 50 per cent of the audience was perhaps becoming outdated.

It also seemed to be generally accepted (there was one puff of dissent from the programme controller of a regional) that the fourth channel should have a controller/chief executive appointed by the IBA, a person of vision who, though supported by an experienced and committed executive, would be the final arbiter, the person ultimately responsible to the IBA for maintaining the full and proper output of the channel.

The full and proper output of the channel was the catalyst for the main punch-up of the Festival discussion. Two widely different points of view seemed to emerge. On the one hand there were the ITCA heavyweights, already insisting on referring to the fourth channel as ITV-2. The ITV-2 lobby see the contribution of independent programme makers to the fourth channel as being about 15 per cent with 85 per cent in one guise or another going to the ITCA companies. But the Channel Four Group, as we have seen, want at least 50 per cent of air time to be allocated to 'independents'.

But even if the Channel Four Group get their way, the underlying problem will remain: how are genuinely 'independent' producers (i.e. independent of the ITCA companies and their subsidiaries) to acquire the funds, the 'seed money' necessary to embark on high-quality creative activity? And to what extent will the unions let them get away with rationalisation of their production and manning costs? According to the Home Secretary, the money will come from the IBA (not the Government), which will in turn derive its revenues from 'spot advertising', block advertising (the grouping of commercials in periods of 10 minutes or more), and sponsorship. If this proves to be the solution, the advertisers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will, as always, watch the ratings – which could well drag TV4 down to the lowest common denominator. But such warnings, of course, are always vulnerable to the charge of Reithian elitism.

Television – 2

Julian Barnes

Gruesome, Isn't It?

Talk to anyone who has suffered the hurried, ruffling caress of newspapers or television, and – unless they are professional communicators who know how to use the media – they will almost certainly complain that in the process they have been traduced, trivialised, or, at least, made to look less sexually attractive than they know themselves to be. So when the head of a large institution publicly pronounces himself satisfied with his treatment at the hands of the BBC, there are two possibilities: either that the absolute truth has for once been spoken; or that someone has got away with something. John Rae, Head Master of Westminster, writing in the *Listener* about *Public School* (BBC-1) continues:

> When I first saw the film I found tears running down my cheeks: of relief, perhaps; certainly of laughter . . . There may also have been a deeper emotional reaction. It is not a happy analogy, but perhaps it was something similiar to Haig's weeping when he saw for the first time the conditions in which he had sent men to fight and die. It was not the conditions that moved me but – and this will irritate egalitarians – the quality of individuals, both masters and pupils.

One can understand Dr Rae's paternal pride: the masters on display all came across as decent, concerned, hard-working men; the pupils seemed bright, articulate and mature. But then, in Mandy Rice-Davies's phrase, they would, wouldn't they? With fees of up to £2,700 per year, with pupils hand-picked, with masters' pay and teaching conditions well above average, surely it would be a pretty awful school that didn't turn out pupils who were clean, lively and successful.

Dr Rae describes how in recent years 'the independent schools have become less defensive and more sophisticated in their relations with the media'. They, and he, had cause to be well pleased with the result of their mild gamble in allowing producer Edward Mirzoeff to roam the school and deduce that its central concern was nothing less laudable than the unquenchable pursuit of excellence. That, no doubt, is part of the truth; it is also very good public relations. But – to continue Rae's comparison of himself to Haig – the programme was rather like a documentary about the Western Front which confined itself to telling us what a jolly good spirit there was in the trenches, and how well the officers got on with the men, without mentioning the Germans, trench fever or poison gas. There was assorted picturesquerie (a game of ra-ra indoor rugger where something between a yellow dishcloth and an overcooked omelette was torn to pieces); some *If*-stuff; and a house play which at one point produced a very English backstage squeal of 'Do you know what's happened to Petrus's putty?' But *Public School* had no preface, no postlude, no context. Where do Westminsters come from, how precisely are they chosen, and where on the whole – apart from in the editor's chair at the *Listener* – do they end up? When a 13-year-od scholar was asked if he ever thought about the amount of money his parents were spending on him, he answered perkily, 'Gruesome, isn't it?' The film-makers had about as much interest in the question as the boy. In one brief aside the commentary mentioned that nowadays parents don't want their children to be moulded into Victorian Christian gentlemen, but want them to get 'A-levels, Oxbridge places and jobs'. Precisely: the sort of jobs which will enable them to afford the few thousand necessary to keep the cycle – and the school – going. Rae himself spelled out what the programme ignored in its cosy portrait-of-a-community approach: 'Parents are hardly likely to pay large sums out of taxed income so that their children can enjoy the benefits of disadvantage.'

'The classics,' Stephen Leacock once wrote in protest at the knee-jerk Hellenists of his day, 'are only primitive literature.' This dictum came back to me during *The Old Boy Network* (BBC-2), which is currently resurrecting half a dozen of our senior comedians and letting them tell their lives and jokes to an equally senior audience. If you hadn't listened to Sandy Powell on an illicit crystal set beneath a childhood pillow, or been consoled by him after a hard day's digging for victory, it was difficult not to feel rather Leacockian about him: to marvel both at the primitive nature of his material, and the primitive ease with which he held the audience in the palm of his hand. Will *Python* seem as funny to us, and as slow to younger others, in 40 years' time? But perhaps the audience were celebrating not so much comic power as enduring existence: in a gentle English way they clapped each time Powell admitted to being very old.

He did, however, in the course of his hour tell one remarkable story, which put a historical gloss on all the recently-voiced plaints of rock stars about being ripped off by agents and publishers. When Powell made a record of his famous 'Lost Policeman' sketch, the record company offered him a gambler's choice: an outright fee of £60, or £30 plus a royalty of one penny per record. Powell chose the latter offer, and lived to be gladdened – and enriched – by his wisdom: over the years the record has sold seven million copies.

A Diary of Britain (BBC-2) this week reached Newtonmore in Scotland, the centre of something called shinty, a mongrel version of lacrosse, golf and hurling. There were lots of bellowing scenes of small boys running up and down a huge pitch, hacking away at one another in a vaguely criminal way. It would, to say the least, have been a little more entertaining if anyone connected with the show had bothered to explain the rules to the viewer. In its turn, Davis Cup *International Tennis* (BBC-2) would have been a little more entertaining if anyone had bothered to explain the rules to Mark Cox and the Lloyd brothers. As they left balls which fell well inside the line, and slotted their volleys routinely into the net, the Foro Italico crowd found a new and wittier way to torment them: instead of jeering errors, the locals took instead to applauding riotously whenever a ballboy managed a fumbleless pickup.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Big Ben

Born in the Gardens by PETER NICHOLS *Theatre Royal, Bristol*
Private Life of the Third Reich by BRECHT *Open Space*
The Case of the Oily Levantine by ANTHONY SHAFFER *Her Majesty's*

Somewhere in Peter Nichols's latest, up with which I tardily caught last week, a character sneers that in almost every contemporary English play there's a point at which 'the actors stand in a straight line discussing the state of the nation in quote/unquote witty lines'. A casual riffle through the London listings does not, I fear, quite substantiate so sweeping a claim; but it holds true or trueish of a number of dramatists in all other respects too disparate to be classified as a school. I mean, one can hardly imagine any self-respecting ILEA inspector finding the necessary consistency of approach and quality in an institution where Hare, Brenton and Poliakoff were teaching current affairs, David Storey was in charge of PE, John Osborne was the whiskered school matron, and Nichols himself the headmaster, an amiable Alastair Sim-like figure given to interjecting waggish generalisations about England and the English into his Latin lessons.

The joke, of course, is that the actors at the Theatre Royal are standing in a more-or-less straight line and more-or-less wittily discussing the state of the nation when the play accuses their confrères of doing precisely that. *Born in the Gardens* is set in Bristol, and contains references likely to befog those who haven't been to Fishponds or seen the local Dragonara Hotel in all its grisly hauteur; but the tenor and purpose of its patriotic geometry should be plain to all. To Tudor Mansion, a 19th-century architectural travesty with a suit of armour in the hall, a geyser that explodes and an attic full of gadgets that don't work, come two visitors, middle-aged children of the shyster businessman who lies in the oak-panelled front room, awaiting burial. One is a Labour MP whose irritation at Britain's mediocrity is matched only by his obvious incompetence when it comes to doing anything about it. His principal contribution to the national thinktank seems to be a monorail that will whisk tourists from Heathrow to plastic reproductions of old-world institutions, such as Buckingham Palace and *The Mousetrap*. The other is a double-divorcee resident in California, from whose blithe perspectives she patronises the 'ideological quibbles' of our collective 'dinky-town'. Both of these outsiders want to rescue and remove those trapped in Tudor Mansions: a shabby, shiftless brother, with an antiquarian porn business and a nostalgia for traditional jazz; the mother of the family, whose main activities seem to be talking to the telly, hoarding fripperies from the local hypermarket, and searching the house for the plague of mites she supposes to be infesting it. It goes without saying that nothing changes or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(it seems) will change. These two loonies have become acclimatised to their musty rut, like fungi that would wither if they were transplanted from cellar to sun.

Ring a bell, anyone? Or, rather, can we hear the increasingly wonky chimes of Big Ben somewhere at the back of Mr Nichols's increasingly disconsolate metaphors? *Born in the Gardens* is much more amusing and absorbing than his last state-of-the-nation play, *The Freeway*, in which our soi-disant civilisation found itself marooned on a clogged-up motorway; but it is inevitably subject to the limitations of the genre. First, it is impressionistic, imprecise, a work of free-ranging exasperation rather than of hard thought and analysis. Second, it is not perhaps as trenchant about family politics, a subject both *Joe Egg* and *Chez Nous* proved Nichols well able to tackle, as it would be if its family wasn't so substantially an excuse for grouching and grumbling on an altogether grander political scale. It isn't easy to reconcile Shaw's public-spirited cerebellum with Chekhov's observing ear and eye. Shaw himself tried and failed to do so. Nor, quite, does Peter Nichols bring off what may be seen as his updated, minor-key version of *Heartbreak House*.

All the same, I enjoyed it, and London should have the opportunity to do so as well provided the four-person cast comes to town intact. That means Peter Bowles as the flustered smoothie from Westminster, Jennie Linden as an offhandedly arrogant Californian connection, Barry Foster as her shambling, mushroom-coloured twin, and, above all, Beryl Reid as their mother: a frizzy ball of peroxide candy-floss ('my aphrodisiac hairstyle,' she calls it) precariously perched above blubbery jowls from between which mince and teeter those dotty-genteel vowels that are by now a national institution, a sort of vocal version of one of those northern town-halls which are part-palace, part-cathedral, part-wedding cake.

Private Life is a series of extracts from *Fears and Miseries of The Third Reich*, stitched together between 1935 and 1938 and packed with a dismay we should all be able imaginatively to share. How *can* parents and children regard each other as potential traitors in a civilised country? How *can* decent-enough judges be reduced to trembling time-servers, and happy-enough marriages be destroyed because of someone's bee-in-the-bonnet? The play is more naturalistic than we expect middle-period Brecht to be; also simpler, and perhaps more naive. Yet the last scene's confidence in the German working class's determination to resist Nazism is obviously bound to sound much more wishful in hindsight than it can have done when the horror was only half-unfolded; and the play's vividly-encapsulated incredulity, its refusal to believe that these excrescences can possibly continue, is part of its strength – or would be, if some of the players at the Open Space could extract the gasp and throb from their performances. The nerves on display should surely be clenched, not bared, or at least bared more selectively than they are here; the fears and miseries ulcerously inside, not extravagantly out.

The first half of the *Oily Levantine* is a bad parody of the 'closed-circuit country-house murder mystery', but, as it turns out, meant to be a bad parody. The play's initial surprise – which I must reveal, if only to help check a mass exodus at the interval – is that it is being improvised by an unevenly competent gaggle of actors and actresses, all of whom have a motive for killing the theatrical agent who has played the blackmailing wog bounder in their collective charade. As in his *Sleuth*, Shaffer is at pains to expose the chauvinism and bigotry of the traditional thriller; yet he proceeds to substitute his own sexual stereotypes for other people's racial ones. His actresses snipe bitchily at each other; a 'poofta' (the play's word) wiggles out of the macho shell allotted him; the jokes become surprisingly crass; and even the somewhat implausible denouement leaves one wondering yet again who cares who killed Roger Ackroyd.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Gormandocracy

Cenerentola *Coliseum*
Cendrillon *CBS* £14.97

Rossini's *Cenerentola* and Massenet's *Cendrillon* have nothing in common but their heroine, the upwardly-mobile scullion known locally as Cinderella. The Italian version, dating from 1817, is a work of early romantic ire and enthusiasm. Its comedy is powered by a revolutionary challenge to social order, and that in its turn is powered by an elemental violence, unleashed at last in the orchestral thunderstorm near the end of the opera. The French version, dating from 1899, is a work of late-romantic wishful thinking, about erotic fantasy not social upheaval.

Rossini's characters are impudent rebels. Cenerentola declares at the ball that she'll be loved only by the man who values her innocent simplicity, not her physical attractions. Ramiro too challenges the tyrannical law of his father which prevents him from marrying for love, and frees himself by subversive imposture, swapping roles with his equerry. The comedy is fierce, farcically impetuous, eruptive: Ferretti's text is forever invoking the sublime portents of romantic nature – volcanoes, earthquakes, deluges, retributive lightning bolts – as symbols of emotional havoc and social reckoning; and the music with its accelerating crescendoes is likewise an imperative force which rushes the characters towards judgment. Massenet's Cinderella and her prince, on the contrary, are droopy, depressed fantasists. Each nurtures a sickly longing for the other, and when their dreams don't come true, they resolve in their chagrin to kill themselves.

Not long after the composition of *Cenerentola*, Rossini gave up art for eating. The world of *Cenerentola* is a gormandocracy, in which the freedom of ravenous appetite is the foremost constitutional privilege. Dandini, the valet promoted to master, takes advantage of the trick by vowing to eat enough supper for four, and Magnifico when appointed royal steward becomes a gustatory tyrant: he outlaws the dilution of wine anywhere in his realm, and imagines himself taking delivery of candies and pickles as tribute from petitioners.

In Massenet this libertine exuberance of animal spirits has wasted into morbid satiety. His characters have been demoralised by Wagner. Their love is a disease which seeks its consummation in death. The propulsive energy of Rossini's orchestra and the bravura of his vocal style match the hectic appetitive ambitions of his characters. Vocal improvisation, as in the nonchalant runs of Cenerentola's rondo, is the measure of their freedom. For his neurasthenic creatures Massenet, however, writes music of a sweetness which, like their moody eortic dreams, is about to turn rancid.

The Coliseum's *Cenerentola* is ill-considered. Ferretti's text banishes magic. The characters extricate themselves by the potency of their own desires, rather than awaiting the intercession of fairies. Colin Graham's production puts the magic back, making Alidoro a twinkle-toed fixer from a panto. The show is transferred to a whitewashed replica of Strawberry Hill, and the gustatory delights extolled by Rossini are faked: Ramiro serves mounds of plastic ice-cream, and the wine for Magnifico's revels is a Plimsoll line painted inside the bottles. Della Jones looks too spruce and too well-fed for the bedraggled Cenerentola, and Richard van Allan is too lean and hungry for the Bacchic baron. But they, and Graham Clark as a gauche Ramiro, sing nimbly, and the orchestra under Mark Elder is rousing.

As if to clinch my comparison between the two operas, CBS has chosen for the cover of its new *Cendrillon* a photograph of Frederica von Stade as Rossini's Cenerentola, cascading down the marble stairs of the Paris Opéra. The small fraud can be forgiven: the recording is superb, the work a revelation. Massenet's heroines range from Byzantine sorceresses like Esclarmonde to German housewives like Charlotte, from courtesans like Thaïs to cocottes like Manon, but they're all the same woman. All of them are discreet, daydreaming voluptuaries. Esclarmonde uses magic to commandeer the men she fancies, transporting them to a private island, and in *Cendrillon* too the fairy godmother is a gossamer procuress, expert in the distillation of love-draughts. Cendrillon's stepmother Mme de la Haltière employs an army of milliners and hairdressers to tart up her unprepossessing daughters, but the fairy godmother more cunningly advises Cendrillon to be a tease: she is to withhold her name and leave the ball before midnight, making herself the more desirable by being elusive. Just as the depraved Thaïs slumps penitent before the cross, so in *Cendrillon* sexual craving is conveniently sanctified. The fairy's oak is a profane confessional, where she listens to the whispered confidences of Cendrillon and the prince. Erotic torment becomes a religiose course of expiatory suffering: Cendrillon asks to be allowed to take on herself the agony of the prince's soul, and in sacrificing herself she at last wins him.

Frederica von Stade's Cendrillon is wonderfully tender and plangent. As her prince, Nicolai Gedda is more elderly roué than hypochondriac youth, but in the absence of any successor he remains an indispensable singer. Ruth Welting is the stratospheric fairy, and Jane Berbié and Jules Bastin ripely characterise Mme de la Haltière and her hag-ridden consort. Buy the set: it's the most interesting of the Massenet operas so far resurrected, and a wistful, decadent appendix to Rossini's voracious, uproarious *Cenerentola*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ballet

Bryan Robertson

Cool

New York City Ballet *Covent Garden*

Balanchine has never been specially renowned for his visual deployment of distinguished artists and designers. For him, the essentials have always been music and his acute response to it in terms of choreography and the proficiency and discipline of its interpretation through his dancers. The quintessential Balanchine ballet is not a spectacle in the usual sense of the word when linked with Diaghilev. It is almost invariably performed in the simplest black and white dresses, neutral costumes or even practice clothes against a luminous but plain backdrop or cyclorama – in the present New York City Ballet season (until 22 September) nearly always a pale but brilliant blue, and spacious foil for sharp movement.

But in 1928, still working for Diaghilev, Balanchine created *Apollon Musagète* to Stravinsky's cool and serene score and thus began the series of unfaultable, seamless collaborations with Stravinsky for which he is most famous. In a brief memoir, Balanchine has referred to this auspicious beginning:

> Stravinsky's score for *Apollo* taught me that a ballet, like his music, must have a restraint and discipline. Stravinsky's music had a wonderful clarity and unity of tone, and I saw that gestures, the basic material of the choreographer, have family relations, like different shades in painting and different tones in music. Some are incompatible with others: one must work within a given frame, consciously, and not dissipate the effect of a ballet with inspirations foreign to the tone or mood one understands it must possess. *Apollo* depicted Stravinsky's music visibly.

Here we have in Balanchine's own words a small clutch of the stylistic qualities which have always distinguished his best work: restraint and discipline, clarity and unity of tone, and in his recent choreography for the *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*, for example, perfectly performed at Covent Garden, they are as inventively defined as ever. Trained in the classical tradition of Petipa and others in St Petersburg, Balanchine worked also on musicals and revues in Europe, and in New York and Hollywood after his arrival in the US in 1933. He has extended and paraphrased classical dance in very odd ways, often by setting movement against the music at varying speeds instead of following it, and he avoids mime or plot. Stravinsky's neo-classicism in which a vein of affectionate parody invigorates a prevailing clarity of texture, has become Balanchine's perfect vehicle in America for his own sense of syncopation. But perhaps Balanchine's most personal – and captivating – contribution to ballet is the American show-biz way in which he so artfully presents his ballerina, whoever she may be, as a showgirl.

In *Ballo della Regina* (1978), a ballet of pure dance in which there is no story, there are startling moments, almost disruptive flashes, when a row of high-stepping girls in a line advance toward the footlights with their arms extended, as if they were performing an affectionate parody of a Ziegfeld routine. In the *Stravinsky Violin Concerto* (1972), the cheerful choreography for the male corps de ballet and the male soloists in the first bustling movement, *Toccata*, wittily and jauntily point to and emphasises the steely edge and speed – but essential stateliness – of the solo dances for Karin von Aroldingen and Kay Mazzo. Balanchine manages so often to give a special lift to a long sequence, often of flowing arabesque, by interjecting a kind of balletic equivalent for semaphor: sudden short cuts in the middle of a long and rather stately walk.

It is difficult to generalise about the New York City Ballet as a whole because the three week season here, their first for 14 years, is tightly packed with works new to London spaced out through the year. You'd need to be at the theatre every night to get any kind of balanced impression. The only disaster has been the all-Ravel programme, a group of ballets mistakenly kept in the repertoire from the NYCB Ravel Festival in 1975. In *Sonatine* and *Tzigane*, Balanchine has composed two numbingly rapid and kitschy pieces which match only too well the comparably lightweight salon music of the compositions, and in *Mother Goose*, Jerome Robbins has come up with an archly assembled ballet for dancers pretending to be children and improvising the fairy tales with child-like little dances and unconvincing props. Ravel's music, also, is too circumscribed for an entire evening.

On the evidence of this season, Baryshnikov has been shamefully wasted as a solo dancer. He appears briefly, but to best effect, in Robbins's short ballet *Other Dances*, when he really seems to pull the Chopin music – Mazurkas and a Waltz finale – out of the air; but it is the fine-looking and powerfully built Peter Martins, an excellent dancer but not in Baryshnikov's class, who fills most of the big male roles. Balanchine has always shown an ambivalent attitude to the star system, denying it and declaring all his dancers to be 'stars' of equal importance – but in fact, half the impact of his best work comes from the 'cool goddess' presence of Suzanne Farrell, a prima ballerina if ever there was one; and now younger dancers are making their own mark.

In general, the New York City Ballet has certainly not seized up as much as its critics often claim; Balanchine is still supreme in what he does best, with Stravinsky's music; Robbins is marking time; and as a national institution, the company provides a welcome change of character and focus to our own Royal Ballet. But 14 years seems an excessive time to wait for comparisons.

Weekend Competition

No 2584 **Set by Ted Pauker**

An anthology of the work of new young poets was once published under the title *Here Today*. Not the most confidence-inducing title imaginable, was it? We want you to think up similar snappy anthology titles which, after a moment's thought, have a deflating effect on their contents. Give title and then explanatory subtitle. Five shots each. By 5 September.

Result of No 2581 **Set by Tim Hopkins**

We asked for tots' guides to economics and the world of high finance.

Report **By Little Keith**

I told you last week about the Ceremony of the Golden Peanuts, that Byzantine system of deciding which of you merits an invite to a Comp Romp. What many of you do not realise, as you corral the neighbours into your squalid little huts to admire the hand-gilded fold-out invite on your mantlepiece, is that receiving your summons is only the half of it. An invitation doesn't – we'd like to make it clear in public print – *guarantee* you entrance to the Romp. It merely alerts you to the opportunity which is being given you to turn up and compete for attention with the hundreds (thousands – *Spiro*) of other Compers. You gather in the street amid a swirl of autumn leaves and dead dogs; you gaze up in provincial bewilderment at the towering edifice that men call the Comp Complex; you watch – is it a shooting star? is it a comet? – as the blinking light on the scenic elevator mocks you from out of the night sky. Then, as the steel doors of Great Turnstile flick briefly open, you realise where Studio 54 got its gimmick from. A liveried Fat Jeff casts his contemptuous gaze over the lot of you, picks out someone *really funky* and gives him the nod; or someone *really shabby*. See you at the romp . . . well, some of you. This week? A very fine entry indeed; seven pounds each.

The Famous Five Financiers

'What exactly *are* stocks and shares?' puzzled Dick. 'You've got to imagine there's this huge heap of money,' explained Julian, 'and everyone who's of good *stock* – that is, nice respectable people like us and our Mummies and Daddies –' 'Middle-class you mean,' said Anne. '*Exactly*,' said Julian, 'Nice respectable people who live in nice respectable houses and go to nice respectable schools. Well,' he continued, 'everyone like *that*'s entitled to *shares* in this big heap of money.' 'It sounds a very good system,' said Jock. 'It is,' said Julian, 'and very fair. In fact, it's so fair that these shares are called *equities*, which *means* fairness.' 'Would Wooden-Leg Sam have shares?' asked George. 'Oh goodness gracious me – no!' laughed Julian. 'Not common working people with common accents. Besides, he lives in a *hut* . . .'

MARTIN FAGG

Fungus the Moneyman

Bogeymen are always concerned about the value of their possessions but they do not like gold (it is too clean and shiny). Instead they collect a special sort of oozy, slimy mud called Lucre which they store in bucket-shops in the care of old, semi-retired Bogissionaires. A rich Bogeyman may have hundreds of buckets in different shops and he spends some time every week stirring up his Lucre and pouring it from one bucket to another. Each time he adds some clean water (using special gloves to keep his hands dirty) and some scrapings of dirt so, at the end, he has more Lucre than he started with. If he is very rich he makes Bogeyboys do the pouring and stirring and they are allowed to keep any Lucre that splashes over – but not too much.

JOHN STANLEY

Now We Are Rich

Keep talking in whispers! Don't thump up the stairs!
Christopher Robin is vetting our shares.
Soon he'll be giving poor Mummy advice
About not buying gilts that just tumble in price.
Christopher Robin knows all the smart kids,
And gets early warning of take-over bids.
He's an expert on options and mergers and pools,
And makes Mum and Dad look like ignorant fools.

His column in *Beano*'s an absolute must
For young folk who want to avoid going bust.
He's deep into Frankfurt, Wall Street, and
Hong-Kong,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So his specialist tips very seldom go wrong.

And if by misfortune he makes a bad buy,
He doesn't just sit there and have a good cry;
But instead, by the use of a suitable plug
In his column, unloads it on some silly mug.

PETER PETERSON

The Counting House at Pooh Corner

They found Owl sitting outside his door.

'15%', he was muttering, 'is 3% extra. 3% of 12 is 0.36. Add 12 – the new rate is *really* 12.36% – not even a penny on a pint – unless it's fourpence.'

'We wondered . . .' said Pooh anxiously, scratching one ear with a paw covered with honey, 'Would you explain why indirect taxation is better than direct taxation?'

'Well', said Owl, 'if income tax is lower you've more money in your pocket. You can *choose* what to spend it on and how much tax to pay.'

'But balloons would cost *more*.'

'You could buy books instead – *they*'re not taxed,' said Owl.

'*Not* if you needed a balloon to collect honey,' said Pooh.

'Anyway,' asked Christopher Robin, 'what's the point of having money in your pocket if it all goes?'

'I suppose you can jingle it *until* then,' said Pooh wistfully, trying to lick the honey off his ear.

PETER ALEXANDER

A Little Butter

The PM,
She curtsied
And went and told
The Chancellor:
'Don't forget the butter for
The common slice of bread.'
The Chancellor
Said sleepily:
'You'd better tell
Her Majesty
That many proletarians
Like jam today
Instead.'

SUE DE NIMM

How To Be Topp In Buis. Studs.

Do the subjekt buis. studs. bring a terible rash to your chekes? DO NOT DISPAIR. The molesworth patent giude to defeting this larrfably simple addishun to st. custard's progresive crickulum (fules that they are, i mean how long befor these beaks get hawled of to the loonybin by Rodes Boysun. i arsk you) is now avalable. Witness, dere skolars, this short extrakt. 'Furst rob a bank. Then ofer to buy smaler bank with LOOT (n.b. any fule who think of buying a biger bank with aforemenshuned LOOT need his hed closly examined). With new bank, you now hav as much money as grabber get in a week, and you are of to a briliant buisness career . . .' ect. ect. See wot i mean? This is from the incredibul hem-hem chappter on banking. With the ful work, ekonomics will becom an open book (eh wot, you sa, whence cometh this v. witty scribe) . . .

BILL GREENWELL

Tony Miles

Chess

No 149 **May Problems**

The May problems were a difficult set and one of my solutions was horribly wrong, which is rather embarrassing as the position was taken from one of my own games!

Problem 131 (r5rk/pb2p2p/5p1R/4qQ2/3N4/8/PP3PPP/R5K1) was the easy one. Black wins White's queen or king by 1 . . . RxPch; 2.K-B1, R-N8ch! 3.KxR, R-N1ch; 4.K-B1, B-R3ch (or B-N7ch) etc. No points, however, for 2 . . . B-R3ch; 3.KxR, R-N1ch; 4.K-R3, (but not 4.K-R1, B-N2ch; 5.P-B3, QxQ; 6.NxQ, BxPmate) B-B1; 5.RxPmate.

Problem 133 (2r5/4q3/3RppkP/pln3pl/Pp4P1/1B3Q2/1PP5/1K1Rr3) was taken from my game with Georgadze from Dortmund. The previous move had been 0.P-R6ch, K(N2)-N3?? According to Georgadze in his annotations in the Russian weekly *'64'* White also wins after 0 . . . K-B2; 1.RxR, QxR; 2.Q-B5 '!' but after 2 . . . R-KR1 this is clearly nonsense. Personally I can't see a clear win for White after 0 . . . K-B2, but anyone proving me wrong will win a fiver. Meanwhile, back at the game, White won by 1.RxR, QxR; 2.BxP! NxB (there is no defence . . . R-KR1; 3.Q-B5ch, KxP; 4.QxPchmates); 3.Q-B5ch, resigns. On 3 . . . K-B2 (or . . . KxP; 4.R-R1ch, K-N2; 5.R-R7ch etc) 4.Q-R7ch, K-K1; 5.Q-N8ch, K-Q2; 6.P-R7 or 6.Q-B7ch (. . . K-B3; 7.RxN or . . . K-Q1; 7.P-R7 or . . . Q-K2; 7.R-Q1ch) wins easily. However 1.BxP was less clear. After 1 . . . RxRch (but not . . . NxB? 2.Q-Q3ch and 3.RxR or . . . RxB; 2.Q-B5ch, K-B2; 3.Q-R7ch, K-B1; 4.Q-R8ch, K-N2; 5.Q-N7ch, K-R1; 6.Q-N8ch) 2.QxR, NxB; 3.Q-Q3ch? KxP; 4.R-Q7, Black has 4 . . . N-B5! when 5.Q-B5 is met by . . . Q-K5ch and . . . Q-K3ch, and 5.Q-Q1 by . . . Q-K6! The idea does work, though, provided White changes the move order with 3.R-Q7! Then if the Q moves 4.Q-Q3ch and R-R7mate, or if 3 . . . R-Q1; 4.Q-Q3ch, KxP (or K-B2, Q-R7ch) 5.Q-R3ch wins.

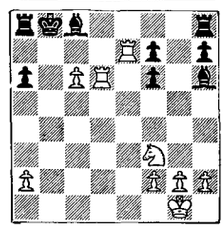
Problem 134 (8/1r6/2b1k3/8/rp6/8/2P1K2R/5R2) was, as I said, a study composed, I am informed by Messrs Garfath and Naylor, by A. S. Gurrich (1959). I had not, as some solvers suspected, found a hole in the solution which goes 1.R-R6ch, K-Q4; (On . . . K-Q2; 2.R-B7ch, K-K1; 3.RxR, BxR; 4.K-Q3! and Black cannot preserve his pawn, eg . . . B-Q4; 5.K-Q4 – intending K-B5-P – N6ch; 5.KxB, PxP; 6.R-QB6, or 4 . . . B-R3ch; 5.K-Q4, P-N6ch; 6.K-B3) 2.R-B5ch, K-K5; 3.R-QB5! (but not 3.R-KN5, K-B5! 4.R-B5, B-B6ch! – B-N4ch? 5.K-B2! K-N5; 6.R-N6ch draws – 5.K-B2, R-KB2! 6.R-QN6, B-Q4! 7.R(B)-N5, K-K4ch! 8.K-N3 – K-K2, R-B5 – R-R6ch – but not R-R5? RxBch-mating quickly) 3 . . . B-N4ch (otherwise the B is lost) 4.RxB! RxR; 5.R-R4ch, K-Q4; 6.P-B4ch! (The point 6 . . . PxPep; 7.RxR is an easy draw) . . . K-B4; 7.PxR, P-N6! (A good try if 8.RxR, P-N7) 8.R-R5ch, K-N5; 9.P-N6! drawing.

I will deal with Problem 132 next week.

Prizewinners: First equal Messrs Carr and Sahasrabudhe (£15), third Mr S. Johnson (£10), fourth Mr Bradley (£8), with consolation prizes to Messrs Cornforth, Garfath, McSheehy and Taylor (£3).

Problem 149

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 3 October.



Solution to Problem 147

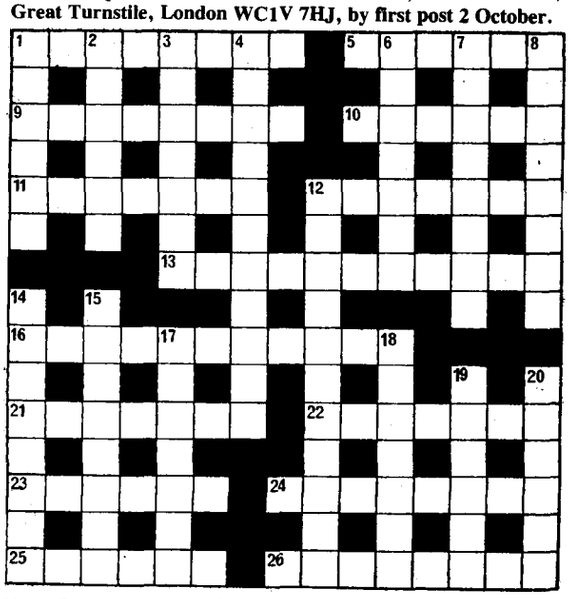
1 . . . QxN! 2.QxQ, NxPch; 3.K-R1, R-B8ch; 4.K-N2, R-B7ch; 5.KxN (or K-R1), R-R7mate.

Solution to Problem 145

1.K-B4 is good. After . . . N-B2; 2.K-B5! RxPch; 3.K-N6, R-B5; 4.R-B7ch, K-K1; 5.R-B8ch, K-Q2; 6.R-QR8 – Black cannot win. 1.P-N5 is not a clear draw, . . . K-Q2! 2.P-Q5 (R-N6, K-B2. R moves N-K5ch! and NxP) . . . PxP; 3.K-N4, N-B2; 4.R-B6 (not P-B4, R-R5 but maybe R-K6) . . . K-K2; 5.R-K6ch, K-B1; K-B1; 6.R-K4, R-R8; 7.K-R3 (P-B4, R-N8ch, or R-Q4, N-K4ch, maybe K-N3) . . . K-N2! 8.P-B4 (or R-N4, K-N3! P-B4, K-B4!) . . . K-N3! 9.R-Q4, R-R6ch! 10.K-N2 (K-N4, N-R3mate) . . . P-N5 and Black won. 1.K-R4 also comes into consideration.

Weekend Crossword 1317

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1317, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 October.



ACROSS

1 It gives warmth but the affair of the heart is broken up (8).
5 The army officer seen in the chart is a crazy person (6).
9 The unit goes into shelter for a drink (8).
10 One who fixes a place near London (6).
11 The woman to ring back has something of a veneer (7).
12 A smaller area in the plot is hallowed (7).
13 They are used for striking and rode about during fights (11).
16 Lady who makes different noises at the end of the month (11).
21 A measure among the communists resulting in outstanding achievements (7).
22 The magistrate holds a bone in the air (7).
23 Messenger caught in the wrong union (6).
24 Touring dancers? (8).
25 Untidy person makes nothing in points (6).
26 Alienate, but not the orderly sergeant (8).

DOWN

1 Petals which have turned most colourless (6).
2 Moved freely although tied up round the masthead (6).
3 Two things wielded by supporters? (3, 4).
4 Scot in India may produce the evidence (11).
6 Is included in a requirement for flavouring (7).
7 Coy nurse is dressed up, becoming the centre of attention (8).
8 Not hell, although is included in what soldiers have to do (8).
12 Golfer who is greatest about everything, even with a painful back (11).
14 The Merchant Navy trip is varied and makes an impression (8).
15 Six hundred years' old but modern at heart (8).
17 Brave girl takes the drug east (7).
18 One who leaves out the captain (7).
19 Vessel taking part in a future engagement (6).
20 The tenant in the stables seeing to the horses (6).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1315

H	A	N	D	C	U	F	F	■	T	R	O	P	I	C
E	■	A	■	A	■	I	■	■	O	■	E	■	O	■
C	A	P	I	T	A	L	S	■	C	A	N	N	O	N
T	■	K	■	A	■	I	■	■	M	■	T	■	V	■
O	D	I	U	M	■	B	A	C	K	S	T	A	G	E
R	■	N	■	A	■	U	O	■	■	G	■	R	■	■
■	■	■	R	E	S	O	L	U	T	I	O	N	S	■
F	■	S	■	A	■	T	■	D	■	E	■	N	■	E
L	A	T	I	N	V	E	R	S	E	S	■	■	■	■
U	■	U	■	■	R	■	T	■	T	■	G	■	S	■
S	U	C	C	E	S	S	O	R	■	I	R	E	N	E
H	■	C	■	R	■	■	E	■	M	■	M	■	V	■
I	S	O	B	A	R	■	C	A	R	O	L	I	N	E
N	■	E	■	S	■	■	M	■	N	■	N	■	R	■
G	A	D	G	E	T	■	A	S	S	Y	R	I	A	N

Prizewinners to No 1315

Sheila Sullivan (Harlow)
J. Peterson (Hull)
F. Vander Steen (London NW2)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

NACRO

NACRO has received a 3-year grant to fund the post of **CRIME PREVENTION DEVELOPMENT OFFICER.** The successful applicant will be responsible for:

1. Providing information concerning crime prevention schemes
2. Giving advice and consultation to statutory and voluntary organisations wishing to set up Crime Prevention Schemes
3. Setting up and developing experimental programmes

We are looking for someone with initiative and energy, willing to work on several different projects simultaneously. The post will involve negotiations at all levels with local and central government departments, working with voluntary and community based organisations and communicating with a wide range of people.

Skill in drafting proposals and some knowledge of interviewing techniques, survey methods and community consultations will be an advantage. We feel the post may appeal to a person from L.A. Housing or Planning Departments, or the Probation Service. Secondments will be welcomed.

Salary: £6,666. 3-year contract.

Closing date: 22.10.79. Interview date: 31.10.79.
Informal interviews can be arranged in advance of 31.10.79.
Post based at London Office.

Job description and application form from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU. Tel: 01-582 6500.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

SOCIETY OF POST OFFICE EXECUTIVES

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

Scale up to £6,993

SECRETARY / P.A.

Scale up to £5,258

for shorthand typing 120/50 words per minute. Proficiency allowance for higher speeds. Good holidays.

Apply to: **General Secretary, Society of Post Office Executives, 116 Richmond Road, Kingston Upon Thames, Surrey.**

NUS

NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

Requires an adviser to work in the Welfare Unit of the Education and Welfare Department on aspects of student welfare and specifically social security, welfare benefits, and nurseries. A certain amount of casework for students and student unions is involved. Much of the Adviser's time will be taken up with research, and assistance in the preparation of submissions and other documents for the Union. The post currently carries a major commitment to a survey of nurseries for students.

The salary is on a scale from £2,950 to £5,400 plus £450 London Weighting but the appointment will not be made above £3,475 plus £450 London Weighting. There are 20 days holiday in the first full year of service. Further particulars and an application form may be obtained from the Personnel and Administration Manager, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London WC1. Telephone Number 01-387 1277. Closing Date 5 October, 1979.

TOTTENHAM LAW CENTRE

wants

WORKER

with experience in employment law. Preferably solicitor.

Application forms and further details from:

15 West Green Road, London N15, or phone 01-802 0911.

Closing date **5 October.**

CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENTS

A new project funded by Inner City Partnership wish to appoint **two full and one part time workers** to develop small scale co-operative ventures in Hackney. Salary around £5,000. For further details and job descriptions apply to: **Co-operative Developments, 87 Cecilia Road, London E8.**

UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER

in the above Department.
A specialised knowledge of 20th Century compositional techniques or pre-19th Century performance practice may be an advantage but is not essential. The successful candidate will be expected to participate in the general work of the department.
Salary on the scale for lecturers £4,333 - £8,992 (under review), according to age, qualifications and experience.
Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the **Registrar, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT,** quoting reference number 12/4H. Closing date for applications **15 October 1979.**

ROYAL COMMONWEALTH SOCIETY

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

An energetic graduate with interest in international affairs to join small enthusiastic team. Organising ability, fluent writing style and friendly personality essential, typing useful. Salary £3,300 p.a.

Write with C.V. to:

18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ or phone 01-930 6733 ext. 8.

KILWORTHY HOUSE TRUST

is an independent co-educational therapeutic community for 20 teenagers with social, emotional and learning difficulties. We still require single adults under 30 for the following residential posts:

English

Maths

Organic Gardening

Experience in special schools or residential social work, and a teaching qualification desirable but not essential. All posts require commitment. Please telephone or write to **John Farrow** or **Sue Murray, Kilworthy House, Tavistock. 2610.**

HOUSEMOTHER WANTED for November. Small group of children 6-9 yrs old. Residential post. Phone after 7 p.m. 0728 830540 or write Summerhill School, Leiston, Suffolk. Experience an advantage but not essential.

MATURE PEOPLE as well as the young are well placed through Stella Fisher. All office skills and widest choice at Stella Fisher Bureau (Emp. Agy) 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (Also open Sats 10 a.m. - 12.30 p.m.).

COLLEGE LEAVER SECRETARIES will find a superb choice of excellent career openings through Covent Garden Staff Bureau. 01-353 7696.

GRADUATE? 'A' LEVEL? LINGUIST? Permanent and Temporary. Interesting secretarial and admin. vacancies in education, non-commercial and international organisations. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods). 01-589 0590.

Fellowship

NACRO

ROBERT KENNEDY FELLOWSHIP

NACRO has been allocated a ROBERT KENNEDY FELLOWSHIP to fund some work on the Handsworth Alternatives Project in Birmingham.

This experimental project is aiming to provide a range of alternatives to custodial sentences for young black people in the 17-25 age range in trouble with the law.

Applications are now invited from suitably qualified people, possibly teacher trained, to work with the project staff to provide a range of educational opportunities for the client group. This will involve designing educational packages, testing out different ways of teaching, working closely with local educational establishments and with young black people themselves.

The Fellow will be expected to produce a written report on the work ready for publication at the end of the project.

The Fellowship is valid for nine months and is worth £4,000.

Closing date:. 22 October 1979.

Job description and application form from: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU. Tel: 01-582 6500.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE CARE AND RESETTLEMENT OF OFFENDERS

Appts Wanted

FINE ARTS GRADUATE, f., 28, prev. teaching & editorial exper., sks pt-time or temporary interesting work, from end Oct. Ring 439 7211 extn 223 (daytime), 735 5168 (evgs).

WOMAN SOCIALIST, 31, seeks work. 5 years teaching experience, English as a foreign language and other. Fairly widely travelled in southern Africa, for the last three years in Mozambique participating in the development of collective work methods. Speaks fair Portuguese. Free Feb. 1980. Box 6321.

Publications

BARRY'S BOOKSHOP BRIGHTON. Great Book Sale — Art, History, Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Sociology, Paper Backs, Children's Books until 29 September. Daily including Sundays till 8 p.m. 12A Queens Road, Brighton (3 mins. Station).

JOURNAL OF ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY the Jungian International Journal. Brochure available from 30 Devonsire Place, London W1.

WHY and how to be an anarchist. Oct. 1979 'News from Nowhere' 30p, 50p by post: Box 555, Rising Free, 182 Upper Street, London N1.

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

LONDON'S largest secondhand bookshop. Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

THE GREENLIST. A fortnightly list of antiquarian and o/p books. Sample copy free. Wrigleys Books, Ecclesfield, Sheffield.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis, West Sussex.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith **Books,** Barnes High St. London SW13. 01-876 7254.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-18 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

WYCHWOOD GIRLS SCHOOL, Oxford. 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J. E. Schuller MA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Overseas Appointments

PROGRAMME OFFICER

Person needed to join small team in London administering programme of volunteers working in Third World development projects.

Applicants should have some of the following qualifications:

—experience of development work in the Third World, preferably as a volunteer or as a staff member of an aid agency.

—knowledge of Africa and/or the Middle East.

—an interest in development education work in Britain.

—an ability to write for non-academic publications.

SALARY: £5,086 p.a.

Applications should be made in writing to: **CIIR (Overseas Volunteers), 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. Tel: 01-487 4397.**

NORTH YEMEN

Programme co-ordinator required by CIIR to administer its existing volunteer programme and evaluate small scale community development projects. Previous Middle Eastern experience advantageous. Couples wishing to work on a job sharing basis welcome to apply.

Post is on volunteer terms. Accommodation, living and other allowances are provided. Intensive language training. Applications should be made in writing to: **CIIR (Overseas Volunteers), 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. Tel: 01-487 4397.**

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

IVS is looking for people who
*have basically sound ideas about what is going on in the world
*want genuinely to assist those caught in the underdevelopment trap, and
*have useful skills, training and experience to utilise and pass on.

Some current volunteer vacancies:

MOZAMBIQUE:
Various personnel for new programme: **Engineers** of all types; **Agri** and **Horticulturalists**; **Doctors**, paediatricians, obstetricians, family planning specialists, **Dentists**, public health workers, **Nurse/Midwife Tutors.**

BOTSWANA:
For Brigades (community training centres): **Business Managers, Accountants, Co-ordinators** and a **Textiles adviser.**
Also: Village Craft Industries **Co-ordinators/Advisers/Extension Workers; Manager** for co-operative dairy farm; **Boatbuilder** (or experienced woodworker).

LESOTHO:
Horticulturalists/Agriculturalists and **General Technical** ('Jack of all Trades') persons for Integrated rural development project; **Weaver** and a **Business Manager** for weaver's coop.

SWAZILAND:
General Technical person for school of Appropriate Farm Technology; **Coop advisers** to train secretary/managers; **Occupational Therapist** for hospital in Moabane.

All above are on volunteer terms
Details and application form from:
Section OS90
IVS, 53 Regent Road,
Leicester LE1 6YL.

IVS

Holidays/Travel

XMAS BREAKS, GOOD HOTELS, UNBEATABLE PRICES

DEC. 23 - JAN. 5.

ALGERIA and SAHARA OASES £120

WITH HALF A DAY IN THE ALHAMBRA (GRANADA)
Price INCLUDES: All TRAVEL,
Hotels provide all BREAKFASTS and DINNERS.

ALSO **ATHENS**, Dec. 22 - Jan. 4. £99.

Phone now and ensure your place.

Yorkshire Tours, 49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Phone 0484 24269.

CHINA 1980

12 STUDY TOURS

Peking, Sinkiang, Inner Mongolia, Sichuan and Yangtze Gorges, Kweilin, Sian, Loyang Da'Tong, Taiyuan and 15 other centres.

Experienced Leaders on Every Tour

STUDY CHINA TRAVEL LTD
27 Leyland Road, London SE12 8DS. Tel: 01-852 4470.

FAIR FLIGHT FARES. Reliable, regular. Departures world-wide and European destinations from experts. LAS, Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. 01-439 8511 (24 hrs) 2/3.

SWAP HOMES FOR WEEKENDS. Join our Week-End Exchange Club. Membership £6 p.a. Holiday exchange service also available. S.a.e. to Home Rooms (NS), 7 Provost Rd, London NW3.

Accom. Vacant

2ND PERSON for large, part-furnished N8 Crouch End flat. Good public transport. £50 per month. Tel. 340 8573 after 6 p.m.

CLAPHAM: Prof. female, 25+, share with same. O/r. 1 Oct. £52 p.c.m. Day 01-212 5884, evng 01-223 1391.

TWO LGE ROOMS, private bath, tel., author's Putney house, for quiet responsible cat lover. £30 p.w. 01-788 7967.

ISLINGTON: large room overlooking garden in friendly house for a single let, use k., b. £20 p.w. + bills. Refs. 607 0806.

Accom. Wanted

WOMAN attorney seeks London flat with 1 bdrm. Furnished or unfurnished. Max £45 p.w. 637 0651 ext 35; Box 6475.

LABOUR LAWYER (f. 26) seeks own room N. London. Max £15 (excl.) p.w. 01-722 6723 evgs.

RESPONSIBLE MALE GRADUATE, 21, beginning work in London, urgently requires any kind accom. up to £20 incl. Pref. N. London. Ring 2268885 (after 6 p.m.).

RESPONSIBLE f. graduate needs room Central London in return for French, English teaching, housework, driving, babysitting etc. Tel. 828 1950.

PROF. WOMAN needs unfurn. flat, reasonably central, pref. North London. Good price f. & f. Tel: 01-370 3605.

2 FEMALE TEACHERS req. s/c. accom. in Wandsworth area. Small house considered. Tel. 01-870 6310.

N1/N5 RESIDENTS—ease your social conscience and find f./unf. accom. (rm/flat/bsit etc) for charming and cultured but hard-up female research economist, 24. Exchange some cooking skills for lower rent? Refs. 01-405 7686 day.

QUIET, non-smoking p/t. student, with refs, looking for about 10-12 hrs wkly, light household duties aftn/eves in exch. for accom, pref. NW London. Reas. suggestions tel. 435 3310 4-7 p.m.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords, we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

POSTGRADUATES and first degree students require rooms, flats, houses, often for 9 or 12 months only. Ring London University, 01-405 7686 ext. 468 mornings preferred or 607 and 411 anytime.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd, 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.

SECURED LOANS and remortgages. Martin Hasseck Ltd., Freepost, London NW4 1YB. 01-346 4653.

Removals

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes

603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

A1 MOVES
DOMESTIC/OFFICE
SMALL/LARGE VANS
7 DAY SERVICE
63 Hemstal Road, London NW6
01-624 2261

Appeal

International Year of the Child 1979

UNICEF

United Nations Children's Fund

PLEASE HELP THE CHILDREN OF CAMBODIA

Desperate conditions prevail in this country with one and a half million children threatened with starvation. UNICEF has already flown in 60 tons of food and medical aid.

Donations gladly received at

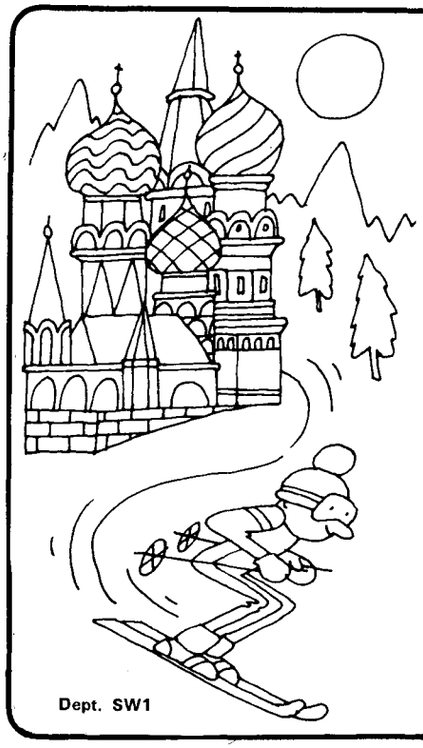
NORTH OF ENGLAND CENTRE
The UNITED NATION'S CHILDREN'S FUND—
UNICEF ROOM N
69 Cross Street, Sale, Cheshire M33 1HF
Telephone 061-973 4957

so that more can be supplied and long-term relief programmes set up.

Please enclose SAE if you would like a receipt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel in Eastern Europe



Winter Magic in the SOVIET UNION

from £155 only

all inclusive with full board and excursions

Enjoy a traditional and spectacular Russian Winter!
See the fabulous treasures of MOSCOW and LENINGRAD.
Visit the fascinating BALTIC CITIES or GEORGIA and the CASPIAN SEA.
Explore Samarkand, historic Central Asia and Siberia.
NEW! A Winter Sports holiday in the Caucasus!

An INTOURIST Holiday Exclusive– 8 and 15 day tours in the USSR from November '79 to March '80 from £155

BOOK NOW. All Intourist prices are guaranteed.
Write, phone or call for illustrated Winter Brochure
INTOURIST MOSCOW LIMITED (Dept SW1)
292 Regent Street, London W1R 7PO Tel: 580 4974

INTOURIST - the International Tour People for the USSR

Dept. SW1

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND

RUSSIAN WINTER MAGIC

Enjoy a winter break in
MOSCOW & LENINGRAD
Sight seeing tours, theatre ballet, circus, song & dance!
December/January
8 Days/7 Nights..... £165
5 Days/4 Nights..... £130
Many other options!
Celebrate **BURNS NIGHT** with the Russians, as only they know how!
MOSCOW & LENINGRAD
5 Days/4 Nights..... £135
Direct from Glasgow
See the **OLYMPIC GAMES** in Moscow July 1980
Two 9 day trips –
REGISTER NOW!

Call, write or phone for your Brochure to

SOVSCOT TOURS

8 Belmont Crescent
Glasgow G12 8EU.
Telephone 041-339 9706/7
or your local Travel Agent.

ATOL 073B & 248B

Please send 1979/80 Winter Magic Brochure

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....

USSR SPECIAL TOURS

Leningrad Arts Tour. 16-23 Nov. First class with full board at the Astoria. Daily programme including four lecture tours of the Hermitage, visits to **Pavlovsk, Pushkin, Petrodvorets** and to the **Kirov valley.** Scheduled flights £179 fully inclusive.

November Celebrations. 3-10 Nov. Tour A **Moscow and Leningrad.** Tour B **Moscow, Novgorod and Leningrad.** Youth Tour C (For all up to 35) **Moscow and Leningrad.** From £145 inclusive.

Moscow Russian Language Course. 10 Nov. - 8 Dec. £375 inclusive.

Write or 'phone for details:
Progressive Tours Ltd., **12 Porchester Place, London W2. 01-262 1676.**

Secretarial

TEAMWORKER TYPISTS (NW3). Intell., accurate, fast. Books/theses. 267 0673.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

ALL TYPING DONE. Competitive rates, deadlines met. Ring 01-352 9145 evenings.

EXPERT professional typing. Specialist in Mss, plays and all types of literary work. Prompt, accurate service. 01-940 2555.

BELTYPE offer you an efficient, reliable audio/copy typing service at competitive rates. IBM Golfball machines. All work undertaken. Tel. 01-748 2278 anytime.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Woody Allen's 'Manhattan' (AA). 1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00.

Personal

LUXURY APARTMENT overlooking the Bay at Burgau, Algarve. Sleeps 4. Long let November-March. £25 p.w. Apply Williams, 01-935 6344.

FREELANCE RESEARCHER with knowledge of French, German and Italian. Also typing and typesetting service. 01-737 3426.

ENGLISH LADY (52), London Area. Single. Extensive musical training. Good knowledge and love of classical and light music, opera, operetta. Has many years Hospital clerical/administrative experience, involving typing (not shorthand). Used to helping people. Car driver. Very interested in most forms of art and travel. Seeks opportunity to live a more interesting, rewarding life, combining past training and experience. Any genuine suggestions or offers welcomed from any source and area. Box 6408.

FRENCH TEACHER of English living in Angoulême, wishes to exchange posts and flat with English teacher of French for the school year 1980-81. Box 6465.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The **Progressive League** caters for *mind, body and spirit* — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

INTERESTED IN WRITING. Our free wallet contains details of our Freelance Writing magazine, courses of mail tuition and catalogue of American Books for Writers. Freelance Press Services (NS), 5/9 Bexley Square, Salford, Manchester M3 6DB.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods. Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

MALE graduate teacher, 41 yrs, young looking, slim, warm, thoughtful, leftish. Seeks female, intelligent, with similar qualities, poss. to develop an all round, on going, mature relationship. Box 6447.

SECRETARY, 5ft 3in. 49, pleasant, m. class, div., now alone, seeks prof. 6ft man, N. London. Box 6235.

HIGHLY INTELLIGENT literary lady, 38, *feminine, fashion conscious,* seeks companionship sincere unattached gentleman. London. Box 6490.

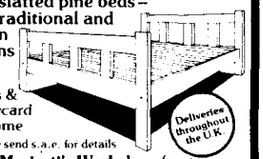
PROF. BUSINESS WOMAN, 34, divorced, one child: educated, slim, fair, versatile, with many interests: racing, sailing, rambling, theatre, proms, books, horticulture, cars, dining and dancing etc., desires friendship with similar male. Box 6508. All replies answered.

MALE GRADUATE (31), divorced, based in Bath, tired of 'lonely hearts' with hang-ups, seeks like-minded woman (whose motive for reading this column is probably boredom). Box 6421.

ATTRACTIVE HINDU DIVORCEE, 38, with daughter 12, seeks well settled, professional gentleman, 40-45. Box 5807.

Pine Beds by Moriarti

Manufacturers of the largest range of slatted pine beds – both traditional and modern designs



Access & Barclaycard welcome

Deliveries throughout the U.K.

Please send s.a.e. for details

Moriarti's Workshop, (NS) Wittersham, Kent Wittersham 544
Member of The National Bedding Federation

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models. We have been established in Hampstead since 1927. Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3
(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N. W. London readers only, please

KIPLING willing, Eastern gent., 42, will meet Western lady. 01-446 1972 mornings.

MATURE JEWISH WIDOW, not religious, vegetarian, non-smoker, intelligent not intellectual. Good listener. Enjoys the arts, walking, lazing, meeting folk. Looking for compatible, tolerant, good natured man, possibly widower, sociable, home lover, good appearance. Car driver welcome. Over 5'10", around 55. London/Essex. Box 6467.

ATTRACTIVE PROF. WOMAN, tall, brunette, seeks warm, caring relationship with unattached man, 40-55: interests include music, classical and jazz, human nature, TV serials especially comedy, food, countryside and sea. Box 6510.

SOUTH EAST LONDON. Warm male graduate, 40s, interested in nudism, seeks like-minded woman for friendship. Box 6372.

PROFESSIONAL GENT., Asian cosmopolite. Own flat/car, seeks sincere lady, late 40s-55; as companion/friend. Varied interests, travel and exploring places of interest in town and countryside. Any nationality. Box 6361.

GENUINE FRIENDSHIP/marriage introductions. All ages. Details: Frances Hope, 10 Beechfield Road, Trentham, Staffs.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE BUREAU — Let's help your summer go with a zing. Ring 01-584 5151; 155 Knightsbridge, SW1.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

MEET PEOPLE WORLDWIDE. USA, Canada, Europe. Send age, interests. Brooks, Box 411, Akron, Ohio 44309, USA.

ISOLATED LESBIANS read 'Sequel', 75 Agar Grove, London NW1.

'NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR, ALONE'. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers. Write or phone London's premier intro service for unattached, professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, London W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For information phone London 359 7656/6703, Glasgow 221 1090, Leeds 631 551/2, Castle Combe 78 2826.

RAPPORT. Enjoy rewarding new friendships through Rapport, the intelligent person's introduction service. Introductions, gatherings, excursions, holidays for all ages. Details: S.a.e. to Rapport, P.O. Box 94, Oxford.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU — introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

FAMILY PLANNING: Choose from our FPA-approved range. Introductory prices: 13-sheath sampler £1; 48 Gossamer £4.10; 48 Fiesta £4.61; 48 Unison £4.99; 48 Nu Form Extra Safe £4.99; 40 Forget Me Not £3.15 plus free 'expert's guide to the sheath' with your first order. Dept. NSN21, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford, OX4 3SZ.

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE

(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatres

ALDWYCH (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Recorded bkgs info 836 5332 'Love's Labour's Lost' in repertoire with Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman's 'Once in a Lifetime'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Nigel Baldwin's 'Men's Beano' and Howard Brenton's 'Sore Throats' (not suitable for children).

CRITERION. 930 3216. Mon.-Thurs. eves 8 p.m. Fri. & Sat. 5.30 & 8.30 Ian McKellen, Tom Bell in 'Bent' by Martin Sherman. Directed by Robert Chetwyn.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Ecstasy', devised by Mike Leigh. Prevs from 19 Sept.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Undiscovered Country', 'Death of a Salesman', 'Close of Play', 'For Services Rendered', 'Wings'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

NEW END. 794 0238. From 29 Sept. 'Adam's Apple' by Peter Simpkin. Tues-Suns 8 p.m.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1734. Mon.-Fri. 8.0, Sats 8.30 'The Gorky Brigade' by Nicholas Wright.

NOW IN ITS 4TH YEAR

TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN

'Hilarious . . . See it!' (S.Times)

ARTS THEATRE

(01)836 3334/2132

NT NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252

Lyttelton: Tues 25 Sept 7.45, Wed 26 Sept 3 & 7.45

Simon Gray's new play

CLOSE OF PLAY

John Standing, Michael Redgrave

"Devastating and brilliantly ironic" *D.Mail*

"Harold Pinter's beautifully paced production . . . cast brilliant . . . demands to be seen" *S.Telegraph*

Then at the Theatre Royal BATH Box Office (0225) 66700 1 to 6 October

Meetings

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL public meeting to launch British Section's Lawyers Group. Monday 24 September at 5.30 p.m., Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, London WC2. Main speaker Sean MacBride.

SID WEIGHELL, General Secretary of the NUR, will be the speaker at a Fabian meeting at 5.15 p.m. on Monday, 1 October at the Madeira Hotel, Marine Parade, Brighton. 50p. All welcome.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Pre-Labour Party Conference Meeting at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1, Wed. 26 Sept. 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1, 27 Sept. 7.30 'The Role of Technology: Appropriate Tools for Change?' Third World discussion. 80p. 930 3647.

THE SHADOW PARLIAMENT — Voice of the formerly Silent Majority — Become a Member now. 01-459 8225.

THEOSOPHICAL PSYCHOLOGY: Sun. 23 Sept. 8 p.m. Informal Question/Answer Group. S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE INCONCEIVABLE EMANCIPATION

A series of eight Buddhist lectures given by the Ven. Sangharakshita, head of The Western Buddhist Order, at The East West Centre, 188 Old Street, EC1, on Thursdays 4 October-29 November at 7 p.m. (75p).

CHINA WEEK

Celebrating 30 years of New China.

Tues 20 Oct. 7.30. Documentary film **'Struggle for China'** — Conway Hall.

Wed 3 Oct. 7.30. Anglo-Chinese cultural evening. **Chinese song, dance, Morris dancers and Welsh male choir** — Hampstead Old Town Hall.

Thurs 4 Oct. 7.30. Teach-in 30 years of China: Panel: **Felix Green, Neville Maxwell, John Gittings** — Conway Hall.

Thurs 5 Oct. 6.15 and 8.30. First feature film made in New China **'Daughters of China'.**

SACU AND ALCYS

Inquiries SACU **01-485 8236.**

Courses

Individual instruction by post from qualified tutors for:

GCE, DEGREES, THE PROFESSIONS, BUSINESS, LEISURE STUDY and Gateway courses for the Open University

Free prospectus from the Principal

WMM Milligan MA Dept. BG3
Wolsey Hall Oxford OX2 6PR
Telephone (0865) 54231
(Ansafone after 4.45pm)

Wolsey Hall

The Oxford Correspondence College Accredited CACC Member ABCC — Founded 1894

GERMAN Individual Tuition, all stages, by naturalised British subject, academically trained Germany. NW London. 01-435 8523.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE POLYTECHNIC

B.A. (HONS) MODERN STUDIES DEGREE

Places still available on this course starting September 1979

The Modern Studies Degree is essentially a Joint Honours Degree but it has been carefully constructed to achieve maximum flexibility and versatility for the student. He/she is thus able

- to choose any four of the main options for study in Year One
- to explore in depth in Year One introductory courses in new subjects not previously encountered by the student
- to select two of these four main options for specialisation in Years Two and Three
- to choose one subject for main study as a Major option in Year Three OR to retain a Joint Honours emphasis.

Main Options offered

ECONOMICS
ENGLISH LITERATURE
FRENCH
HISTORY
GEOGRAPHY
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
PHILOSOPHY
POLITICS
SOCIOLOGY

We can offer BREADTH or DEPTH.

Phone us on 0785-52331, (ext. 274) for further details or write to The Admissions Tutor, North Staffordshire Polytechnic, Beaconside, Stafford, ST18 0AD.

FRENCH INSTITUTE

EVENING CLASS IN

Translation (translation and discussion of press articles concerning current events) every Wednesday evening 6.30-8.30 p.m. £30 for 16 weeks. (Standard of 'A' Level French required). Registration 10th to 21st September. Course commences 3rd October.

Details:
14 Cromwell Place, SW7 2JR.
(s.a.e.)
Tel: office hours 11.30-12.30 and 3.30-6.30 01-589 6211 (ext. 45).

University College Buckland

Faringdon, Oxon SN7 8QX

Full-time residential courses for London University degrees: BA English; BA French; BA History, LLB.

Details from the Tutor for Admission.

Tel: Buckland 036-787 202 or 261

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Newland Park,
Chalfont St Giles, Bucks.

B.Sc. (Hons) SOCIOLOGY

B.Sc. (Hons) SOCIOLOGY & APPLIED SOCIAL STUDIES

Three or four year honours degree with a professional qualification in Social Work.

Rural campus 20 miles from London.

ENQUIRIES TO REGISTRAR
Tel: Chalfont St Giles 4441

Philadelphia Association

Chairman
R.D. Laing

1979–80
Study Programme

for information and registration:

2 Eton Road, London, N.W.3.

Telephone: 01-794 0198

SPANISH INSTITUTE, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term starts 1 October. All level courses in Spanish Lanaguage and Culture. 'O' Level and 'A' Level Full time. Post Graduate course 'España Contemporânea'. Audio-visual aids. Spanish Commercial course. Shorthand and Typing. Full details 01-235 1484/5.

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses. Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' and 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Mentor for Languages, 115N Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (Cambridge Circus), 836 3753.

MARXIST SYMPOSIUM 21-23 SEPT

Sessions include

Friday 21 September
10.30-1.30 p.m.
CURRENT ISSUES OF MARXISM
Perry Anderson
2.30-5.00 p.m.
THE DEBATE ON ENGLISH HISTORY
Perry Anderson
7.30-10.00 p.m. RALLY
100th ANNIV. OF TROTSKY'S BIRTH
Pierre Frank, Hojabr Khosravi (ex political prisoner Khomeini's Iran)
Tariq Ali, Voice of Trotsky

Saturday 22 September
10.00-1.00 p.m.
CLASS AND POWER
Robin Blackburn
2.00-5.00 p.m.
CULTURE AND POLITICS
Francis Mulhern
TRADE UNIONS TODAY
Richard Hyman, Steve Jefferys SWP, Pat Hickey

Sunday 23 September
10.00-1.00 p.m.
TWO TRADITIONS OF MARXISM IN BRITAIN
John Ross

2.00-5.00 p.m.
THE REVOLUTIONARY LEFT IN EUROPE
Chris Harman SWP, Tariq Ali IMG

- £1 a session
- £5.50 6 sessions excl. rally
- 50p rally

CONWAY HALL
RED LION SQUARE
LONDON WC1

A TRIBUTE TO PABLO NERUDA

WITH

SUSAN FLEETWOOD · MORAG HOOD · GAWN GRAINGER · JOE MELIA · HAROLD PINTER and MATILDE URRUTIA DE NERUDA.

Directed by: BILL BRYDEN and SEBASTIAN GRAHAM JONES.

FRIDAY 28 SEPTEMBER
7 p.m.
LOGAN HALL
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON · BEDFORD WAY WC1

Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £1.50
A BENEFIT FOR
THE CHILE COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

From:
CHILE COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS
1 CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, NW1
Tel: 01-935 5953

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Political Publications

Alexander A Bennigsen and S Enders Wimbush

MUSLIM NATIONAL COMMUNISM IN THE SOVIET UNION

Revolutionary Strategy for the Colonial World

Muslims in Russia have tended to cast socialist ideas in a nationalistic framework. In this pioneering study, the authors explain how Marxist ideas first penetrated the unlikely milieu of Central Asia and the Caucasus and evolved after the Bolshevik Revolution into the doctrine of national communism. *£14.00*

Nikolai V Sivachev and Nikolai N Yakovlev

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES

Translated by Olga Adler Titelbaum

Russia and the United States represents a novel venture for both scholarship and publishing — it is an account of Soviet American relations from the years prior to the American Revolution to the human rights issues of the 1970s, written for an American audience by Soviet historians. *£9.10*

The University of Chicago Press

126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

Who Cares About

QUANGOS?

Are they so costly? Are there too many?

Do they perpetuate Ministerial patronage?

Do they lack accountability?

For free copy of the booklet, "Who Cares About Quangos?" published by ASTMS and the SCPS send 11p stamp to ASTMS, 10-26a Jamestown Road, London NW1 and mark envelope "Quango".

(Space donated by ASTMS Central London Branch)

"I thought anarchy was a Greek airline until I discovered Syenfwaygos"

Cienfuegos Press

Publishers of THE ANARCHIST REVIEW

". . . . the only political magazine worth reading today".
(New Worlds, New York.)

Anarcho-Hyperborean Publishers and mail order booksellers for books on anarchism, libertarian socialism and self-management.

The Cienfuegos Press, Over-the-Water, Sanday, Orkney KW17 2BL, U.K.

NEW FROM THE ILP LABOUR PARTY DISCUSSION SERIES:

WHO RULES?
ANNUAL CONFERENCE VERSUS THE PARLIAMENTARY PARTY

John O'Brien, Eric Preston, Barry Winter looks at the paradoxical nature of the Labour Party and the problem of creating a democratic structure with a responsive leadership committed to the socialist task. 30p +pp

SOCIALISM AND THE LABOUR PARTY
THE LABOUR LEFT AND DOMESTIC POLICY 1945-50

David Rubinstein

It lays the basis of an understanding of Labour's post-war foundation and direction. 40p +pp

ILP SQUARE ONE PUBLICATIONS, (b), 49 Top Moor Side, Leeds LS11 9LW

TONY BENN

'ARGUMENTS FOR SOCIALISM'

Limited number of copies signed by the author, only available in Scotland from Glasgow's new bookshop

HOPE STREET BOOK CENTRE
321 Hope Street, Glasgow G2
(Opposite the Theatre Royal).

Phone your order
041-332 8881
or by post £5.95 + 60p p. & p.

Who's who in the socialist countries

BORYS LEWYTZKYJ
JULIUSZ STROYNOWSKI

This biographical encyclopaedia of 10 000 leading personalities in sixteen communist countries is the first of its kind.

ISBN 3 7940 3193 8 736 pages £58.25

The Soviet Union

figures – facts – data

BORYS LEWYTZKYJ

For the first time ever in western documentation, this work attempts to give an insight into all aspects of the Soviet state and Soviet society. Names, figures and other data are presented in tabular form.

ISBN 0 89664 010 8 650 pages £35.50

East Europe and Russia

A handbook of Western European archival and library resources

DR RICHARD LEWANSKI
SPONSORED BY THE AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LEARNED SOCIETIES

An indispensable reference work outlining accessible collections relevant to East European studies.

ISBN 0 89664 092 2
forthcoming Autumn £41.00 approx.

orders and enquiries to:

K G Saur Ltd
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NE
Tel: 01-404 4818
Telex: 24902 bingle g

London Munich New York Paris

Zed

Rosemary Sayigh

PALESTINIANS: FROM PEASANTS TO REVOLUTIONARIES £2.95. See C. Hitchens' review NS 14 Sept., '79 for an independent assessment of this fine book.

L. Lifschultz

BANGLADESH: THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION £3.50. An investigation into US involvement in the overthrow of Sheikh Mujib.

P. Jeffrey

FROGS IN A WELL: INDIAN WOMEN IN PURDAH £2.95. "To anyone interested in India, obligatory reading" . . . Scotsman.

All obtainable from bookshops or **Zed Press, 57 Caledonian Road, London N1.** Other Radical, M.E., African and Asian titles available.

THE TRUTH ABOUT VIETNAM & KAMPUCHEA

Revenge on Vietnam by John Pilger. Conspiracy to destroy Vietnam — BVA leaflet. Those who leave, Vietnam's pamphlet on refugees.

Publications FREE. Donations and/or postage welcome.

B.V.A., Sec. J. Yuille, North Downs, Bluebell Hill, nr Rochester. 0634 61575.

---

new community

Journal of the Commission for Racial Equality

Summer 1979

MINORITY CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE

Pre-School Children: Ethnic Minorities in Britain — *Sheila Allen*

Comparing Performance in Multi-racial Schools: South Asian Pupils at 16 plus — *Geoffrey Driver, Roger Ballard*

Identity, Self-Esteem and Evaluation of Colour and Ethnicity in Young Children in Jamaica and London — *Loretta Young, Christopher Bagley*

Minority Youth Politics in Southall — *A. C. W. Peggie*

A School for Hindus? — *Hemant Kanitkar*

HOUSING AND JOBS

Dispersal Policies in Council Housing: Arguments and Evidence — *Hazell Flett*

Contrasts Between Asian and White Housing Choice — *Vaughan Robinson*

Ugandan Asians, Racial Disadvantage and Housing Markets in Manchester and Birmingham — *Mike Bristow*

Employment and Economic Activity—1971 Census Data — *Gillian Lomas*

OTHER FEATURES

The Future of Black Culture and Politics in Britain — *John Rex*

The Panjabi Short Story in Britain — *Jogindar Shamsher, Ralph Russell*

Intervention to Protect Minorities — *James Fawcett*

Sport and Apartheid in New Zealand — *Richard Thompson*

Haoles and Hawaiians: Ethnicity in the Mid-Pacific — *Steve Fenton*

Legal Decisions Affecting Ethnic Minorities and Discrimination — No. 10 — *David Pearl*

Race, Intelligence and Education — *Hans Eysenck, Steven Rose*

Books; Reports

New Community is published three times per annum, and subscription rates are:

Single numbers £2.50
Institutions £8
Individuals £6

For subscriptions, and full details on back numbers, please contact New Community Subscriptions, Commission for Racial Equality, Elliott House, 10-12 Allington Street, London SW1E 5EH. Tel: 01-828 7022.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED